

## TO WALK INVISIBLE

written by Sally Wainwright

1 INT. PALACE. DAY. FLASH BACK (F/B) 1 - (2 AUGUST 1826, 15:25) 1

We open in the unexpected, surreal world of the four Genii: four children (CHARLOTTE age 10, BRANWELL, 9, EMILY, 8, ANNE, 6) with haloes of fire encircling their heads, race through the corridors of a Gothic palace. BRANWELL is clutching a box (the size of a shoe box) and he's struggling to keep the lid on, because there's something in there that wants to get out. They're all excited.

They race into a room with a table in it. BRANWELL throws the box onto the table. The lid flips off, and instantly four men jump or climb out, fully grown, but no more than three inches high, each of them a live toy: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, CAPTAIN WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY and CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS. Each of them wields a sword, the first two in military uniform, the second two wrapped in bear skins (they're Arctic explorers) and naval uniform. The children are excited and delighted.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON is just as splendid and snooty as you would expect -

DUKE OF WELLINGTON  
WHAT THE HELL is going on?

He looks up and sees the four Genii towering over him, staring down at him with delight. The other three brave men have already noticed the Genii. BONAPARTE is just as mean, moody and magnificent as we might expect -

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE  
Qui sont ces gens?!

In such esteemed company, PARRY and ROSS are both wise enough to keep quiet and bide their time to see how things pan out.

PARRY  
(confidentially to ROSS)  
They'll tear us limb from limb.

ROSS  
(awe struck)  
I've crossed the Arctic and seen nothing like it.

It's at this point that ROSS and PARRY land on a tacit understanding to make a run for it. PARRY murmurs 'Run', to ROSS. Just as they disperse, BRANWELL shouts -

BRANWELL  
(thrilled)  
Down on them! Instantly!

CHARLOTTE grabs the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, EMILY grabs PARRY, tiny giant ANNE grabs ROSS, and BRANWELL grabs NAPOLEON. As soon as they do, the four men become wooden soldiers in the children's hands.

BRANWELL (CONT'D)

Know you that I give into your  
protection - but not for your own -  
these mortals whom you hold in your  
hands.

EMILY addresses CHARLOTTE -

EMILY

What's yours called?

CHARLOTTE

(she peers closely at him)  
Wellesley.

EMILY

This. Is Gravey. Because he looks a  
bit...  
(...and this pleases her)  
Grave.

ANNE

Mine's called -

CHARLOTTE

Waiting Boy.

ANNE

Is it? Why?

CHARLOTTE

Yes! Because he's a queer looking  
little thing, Anne. Much like  
yourself.

EMILY

Look who's talking.

BRANWELL

This is Sneaky.  
(he addresses NAPOLEON - )  
Thou art under my protection, and I  
will watch over thy life, for I  
tell you all -  
(he addresses SNEAKY along  
with the other three  
wooden soldiers that his  
sisters are holding)  
- that one day... you shall be  
kings .

Then BRANWELL looks up at his sisters with a smile, he's so excited by this. These toy soldiers are the best thing, ever.

The sisters smile back, delighted with the new toys. And we know that one day, CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE really will be kings.

2 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY. F/B 1 - (2 AUGUST 1826, 15:25) 2  
INTO NIGHT 1. DUSK - (12 JULY 1845, 21.55)

#### TITLE SEQUENCE

We see the same distinctive shoe-size box, and the wooden soldiers - shiny and new - are left chucked about like the children have abandoned them on the table in the parsonage parlour, whilst they're off squealing in another room. We also see abandoned on the table a detailed map of the Glasstown Confederacy, drawn by precocious 9-year-old BRANWELL.

Then we cut to the book shelf by the window in the parlour, with one soldier - the only one left - battered and chewed and chipped, nineteen years later, like it's a bit of an ornament now, a treasured memento of a happy childhood.

We've moved from 1826 to 1845.

Bright, glorious sunlight through the window illuminates the battered soldier. Gradually dusk falls.

3 EXT. MAIN STREET/CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. NIGHT 1. DUSK - (12 JULY 1845, 21.55) 3

Dusk. It's five to ten in the evening. Haworth Main Street. Saturday 12th July, 1845. The street's busy: it's a warm Saturday evening. The workers (men) sit outside drinking. A tiny woman (she's oddly small, 4'9", about the size of a 12-year-old) walks up the street and turns left up Church Lane. This is 29-year-old bespectacled, myopic CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I was not therefore surprised at first, but when Anne informed me of the immediate cause of his present illness -

4 INT. PARSONAGE, BACK KITCHEN/KITCHEN/HALLWAY. NIGHT 1. DUSK. 4  
CONTINUOUS - (12 JULY 1845, 21:57)

ANNE BRONTÈ (25) has just let CHARLOTTE in. They head through the back kitchen, then the kitchen, and into the hallway as they talk. A couple of dogs (a spaniel, FLOSSY and KEEPER, a stocky bull mastiff) greet CHARLOTTE happily like dogs do.

CHARLOTTE

(vo continuous)

- I was greatly shocked.

ANNE

How was the journey?

CHARLOTTE

Pleasant.

ANNE

How was Miss Nussey?

CHARLOTTE

Well. Did my box arrive safely?

ANNE

In our room, we took it up, me and Emily.

CHARLOTTE realises (as she reaches the hallway) that she can hear raised voices from through in the parlour.

CHARLOTTE

What's - ?

ANNE's anxious. Annoyed. Embarrassed.

ANNE

Branwell. He's been drinking. He had a letter. From Mr. Robinson. This last Thursday. He's been dismissed.

CHARLOTTE's incredulous. Which of the fifteen questions that flood into her brain to ask first?

CHARLOTTE

How does he do it?

ANNE

[!] -

CHARLOTTE  
It's every job he's ever [had] -

ANNE  
I know, but this is different.

CHARLOTTE  
How?

ANNE  
Nothing was spelled out. In the letter. But he - him and Mrs. Robinson -  
(she struggles)  
...I had reason to know that they were -  
(it embarrasses her to say it, she can feel her face going red)  
carrying on . With one another. And I don't know - I can only assume - that Mr. Robinson's found out, and that's what it's about.

CHARLOTTE struggles to take this in. This is enormous, it's huge. Not just the age gap, but the class gap, as well as the transgression itself. The enormity can't be over-emphasised.

CHARLOTTE  
Carrying on...? How?  
(ANNE is tongue-tied.  
CHARLOTTE mouths it - )  
Congress?  
(ANNE doesn't deny it.  
CHARLOTTE'S utterly incredulous: is BRANWELL mad?)  
Mr. Robinson's wife?

ANNE'S relieved finally to be able to tell someone, bad as it all is -

ANNE  
It's why I resigned. I couldn't look people in the face. I've known for months.  
(she's burdened with the knowledge. A moment, then CHARLOTTE heads decisively for the parlour door. ANNE grabs her)  
Papa doesn't know. He just knows he's been dismissed, he doesn't know why. Emily does, I told her. And of course we don't know that that is the reason, [but] -

But it is.

CHARLOTTE  
Where's Emily?

ANNE indicates (with a nod of the head) that EMILY's in there, with them. We hear 68-year-old PATRICK, who's doing his utmost to keep calm -

PATRICK  
(oov)  
The point. That I'm trying to make.  
Is that surely you must have some  
idea what it's about [and] -

5 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 1. DUSK. CONTINUOUS - (12 JULY 1845, 21:59) 5

BRANWELL's livid; angry and emotional. He has tears streaming down his face. He's very drunk, there's an upturned dining chair in evidence of his violent mood. It looks like PATRICK and EMILY are dealing with an injured, dangerous, volatile animal. PATRICK is almost blind with cataracts, and we get the idea that EMILY's in here for damage limitation purposes should BRANWELL get even more violent. (EMILY's 5'7", almost a foot taller than her diminutive big sister).

BRANWELL  
You think repeating the question  
enough times will suddenly make me  
able to answer it?

PATRICK  
- and if not then one of us must  
write to the man and ask for some  
kind of explanation!

CHARLOTTE comes in during this. There's a tacit nod/hello between CHARLOTTE and EMILY.

BRANWELL  
He hates me! It's an excuse to get  
rid of me! He's not going to give  
any kind of explanation! He's a  
monster, he's a bully, he's a law  
unto himself, he's an idiot .

PATRICK  
Why does he hate you? Why does he  
need an excuse to get rid of you?  
Surely [you] -

BRANWELL  
Because he's old and he's ill and  
he's jealous of me!

PATRICK

That's - it doesn't make any sense!  
Is it a misunderstanding? Has  
someone misrepresented you to him?

PATRICK's being disingenuous; he knows damned well (from sad experience) that BRANWELL will have done something, he's just trying to get it out of him by appearing to give him the benefit of the doubt.

BRANWELL

Just - !  
(he lets out a crazy kind  
of animal roar and kicks  
the upturned dining chair  
into the wall)  
GOD! This HOUSE! Does it matter? Go  
to bed! Stop asking fucking  
questions!

So that's a bit shocking. EMILY takes the bull by the horns and gets close to BRANWELL and says (not unkindly, but certainly no nonsense) right into his face -

EMILY

If you don't like this house, don't  
stay in it. There's none of us'll  
miss you, not when you get like  
this.

PATRICK

I'd like to know what's happened.

No-one replies straight away, even though they all know.

ANNE

(from the doorway)  
Tell him.

It's BRANWELL she's addressing. And this may be the first time that BRANWELL realises that ANNE knows. He can't speak. For all his over-wrought emotion and bluster.

CHARLOTTE

Branwell's been at it. With his  
employer's wife.

PATRICK can barely believe his ears. This is a new level of rubbishy behaviour. The hugeness hits him just like it hit CHARLOTTE. He stares (as well as he can stare) at BRANWELL for an explanation. We realise that BRANWELL's heartbreak is greater than his humiliation (or is his humiliation so great that he has to turn his sordid fumbles with Mrs. Robinson into a tale of grand passion to try and attach something noble to it?) -

BRANWELL  
(wretched)  
She was lonely.  
(no-one knows what to say,  
hearing the shameful  
confirmation)  
She was lonely!

6 EXT. VORTEX/INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/STAIRS/UPSTAIRS LANDING. 6  
F/B 2 - (12TH SEPTEMBER 1828, 11:34)

WELLINGTON and BONAPARTE fall and twist through the air, engaged in a frantic sword fight, hurling furious insults at one another. This is a fight to the death. The driving rain soaks them as their mighty swords clash, and lightning streaks and crashes through the sky behind them. The roar of battle, the boom of the cannon, the cataracts of cavalry thunder all around them. Oddly however (and hopefully to comic effect) their voices become those of 12-year-old CHARLOTTE (WELLINGTON) and 11-year-old BRANWELL (NAPOLEON) -

DUKE OF WELLINGTON  
I'll rip your head off, I'll slice  
you limb from limb, I'll feed you  
to the dogs! There'll be nothing



CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We are both men of great intelligence and discernment. Are we not?

BRANWELL

I despise everything you stand for! Revolution is in the air! Only a fool like you sir would ignore it! Every utterance that springs from your lips fills me with the most profound abhorrence!

TABBY AYKROYD (57, the BRONTËSÕ servant) has clearly been trying to quieten them down for some time, and sheÕs genuinely pissed off with them now. This is all simultaneous with the shouting above -

TABBY

If tÕparson and your Aunt Branwell were in youÕd noan make so much din! They all think youÕre right quiet and studious down in tÕvillage yÕknow! TheyÕd think different if they saw you like this!

(she turns to ANNE, whoÕs nearest)

And I donÕt know why youÕre doing so damned much screaming!

ANNE

IÕve been shot through the head with a cannon ball! Half my brainÕs missing!

TABBY

YouÕre enough to flay the divvel! All on yer! IÕs atta go fetch our Willie to come and shut yÕup and calm yer down if yÕdonÕt put a sock in it! Are any on yer listening?

From Armageddon to silence as we move forward again to 1845 -

7 EXT. PARSONAGE. DAY 2. MORNING - (14 JULY 1845, 09:10) 7

JOHN BROWN (40, the village sexton and stone mason) stands at the open door, waiting politely, dressed for a journey.

8 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING/BRANWELLÕS BEDROOM. DAY 2. 8 MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:11)

EMILY (sleeves rolled up, apron on, like she was busy in the kitchen when she had to answer the front door) taps on BRANWELLÕs open bedroom door. HeÕs pulling a jacket on, heÕs heard JOHN at the door.

EMILY  
Mr. Brown's here.

BRANWELL (who's pale with a hangover, and whose humiliation remains manifest as bad temper) tacitly acknowledges that he's heard what she's said, though he offers her no thanks, and she anticipates none. She goes back downstairs. BRANWELL follows.

9 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:11) 9

KEEPER's waiting for EMILY at the bottom of the stairs, she herds him into the kitchen and disappears with him. BRANWELL comes to the open front door where JOHN's waiting.

JOHN BROWN  
Y'fit, lad?

BRANWELL  
Yeah, I'm just -

BRANWELL pauses to tap on the door to his father's study, which is just by the front door. He pushes the study door open -

10 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS -10 (14 JULY 1845, 09:12)

- and we discover CHARLOTTE reading the Leeds Intelligencer to her father (who can no longer see to read).

CHARLOTTE  
ÒAnother outrage has happened in Ireland. A party of Orangemen at Armagh, on the 12th, unhappily disregarding the advice given them, of abstaining from processions, which their better-advised brethren have followed in other places, but nevertheless conducted themselves with propriety, were savagely attacked by their Roman Catholic townsmen, who fired at and wounded one of their [leaders] - Ó

CHARLOTTE shuts up when she sees pale BRANWELL. BRANWELL's manner to his father is subdued, apologetic.

BRANWELL  
John's here. We're off. Don't get up.

PATRICK  
(he gets up)  
No, I'd like to see John.

CHARLOTTE doesn't get up. PATRICK comes out of his office to speak to JOHN. We linger on CHARLOTTE, on her thoughts (repressed anger), as she hears the polite, awkward exchange -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

How're you today John?

JOHN BROWN

I'm very well Mr. Brontë, thank you.

We cut away from CHARLOTTE to look at PATRICK, BRANWELL and JOHN. All slightly awkward.

PATRICK

Good. Well. Travel safely.

JOHN BROWN

Nice day for it.

PATRICK

(to BRANWELL, softly)

Look after yourself.

11 EXT. PARSONAGE, GARDEN. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 11  
1845, 09:14)

JOHN and BRANWELL walk along the path to the gate.

JOHN BROWN  
(a murmur, a laddish smirk)

EMILY

Good.

TABBY

Call me old fashioned. But I think it's nice having everybody back at home.

EMILY

In theory.

TABBY

(glancing out back to make sure MARTHA's too busy to hear anything)

What happened?

EMILY

You heard the shouting.

TABBY

I had my pillow over my ears. I didn't catch the details.

EMILY

Lucky you.

TABBY

So he's -

(lowers her voice, comes and sits adjacent to EMILY)

been mucking about, and by way of punishment, he's packed off on holiday for a week with Martha's father?

EMILY

Packed off on holiday for a week, or got shut of for a few days? It's all a question of how you might choose to look at it. Tabby.

FLOSSIE's just wandered out of the kitchen, and into the next scene, which is continuous...

13

INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:16)

13

CHARLOTTE's just leaving PATRICK's study with the newspaper as FLOSSIE comes through from the kitchen, and wants to be let into the parlour. CHARLOTTE can hear EMILY laughing with TABBY in the kitchen. Laughter jars with her own low spirits. She lets FLOSSIE into the parlour...

14 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:16) 14

...where ANNE's sitting in the rocking chair with her feet on the fender by the fireplace (though no fire) just reading through her diary paper. CHARLOTTE uses the excuse of letting the dog in, to come into the room too. CHARLOTTE drops the newspaper somewhere and flops on the sofa. CHARLOTTE watches ANNE write for a moment or two.

CHARLOTTE  
Do you still write stories?

ANNE's not sure she should admit to that. She knows CHARLOTTE might construe it as childish. On the other hand she can't lie.

ANNE  
Sometimes.

CHARLOTTE  
About Gondal?

ANNE  
When we can.

CHARLOTTE  
Emily as well?

ANNE  
You've been here with her more than I have! Surely y[ou know] -

CHARLOTTE  
(interrupts)  
We never talk about it.

ANNE  
Never?  
(CHARLOTTE affirms)  
Do you? Write. Still.

CHARLOTTE  
Not so much.

ANNE  
What about the infernal world ?

CHARLOTTE hesitates.

CHARLOTTE  
Not for years.

ANNE  
Why?

CHARLOTTE  
(a sad sardonic smile,  
she's conscious of  
speaking grandly)  
I relinquished my pen.

ANNE can barely believe it. All CHARLOTTE used to do was write, it defined who she was.

ANNE  
Why?

She barely knows where to start. Her depression is almost tangible.

CHARLOTTE  
(she knows it sounds mad)  
Because it frightened me. It threatened to make the real world seem pointless. And colourless. And drab. And that way lies madness. The real world is what it is, but we must live in it. So.  
(she has a compulsion to admit something, but it's near the knuckle)  
I once - can I tell you something?  
(a moment)  
When I was teaching. At Roe Head. I had this...  
(it's an embarrassing thing to admit it)  
vision. Of Zamorna. That was so...

15

INT. CLASSROOM, ROE HEAD SCHOOL. DAY. F/B 3 - (22 MAY 1836, 11:52)

15

We see CHARLOTTE's vision. ZAMORNA (formerly WELLINGTON, the same actor). ZAMORNA is the most devastatingly attractive man imaginable. He leans on an obelisk and breathes heavily (like he's just had sex - or is just about to) and looks so louche and Byronic and compelling.

CHARLOTTE  
(vo)  
... vivid

And then we see twenty year old CHARLOTTE (who in contrast to ZAMORNA looks so ordinary, so plain) sitting at the desk at the front of the small classroom, looking at ZAMORNA over the heads of the eight teenage girls she has in her class with their heads bent over their work.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

And then -

Suddenly, right in her face -

MISS LISTER



(from somewhere very deep  
in her depression)  
what's the point?

ANNE

The point. For me. Is that I'm  
never more alive. Than when I  
write. You're the same. Surely.

CHARLOTTE

But with no prospect of  
publication? It's nothing but  
playing at it . Isn't it? Which was  
all right. When we were children.

CHARLOTTE's words affect ANNE, who already has doubts and  
demons of her own: no job to go to, and just cloud cuckoo  
land (Gondal) to make her feel in any way validated.

ANNE

To talk.

EMILY

What about?

ANNE

Things. At home. Do you never think about - ?

EMILY

What?

ANNE

The future . What are we without  
papa and Branwell? Papa won't -  
(she hates saying it, but  
the facts are these - )

He won't live forever. And he's  
blind, and that house - our house -  
it belongs to the Church Trustees.

Not us. And Branwell! What's he  
doing? What's he thinking? To have  
such a hopeless grasp . On the

realities. Of what comes next. Are  
we nothing to him? Does he even see

us? If we don't make something of  
ourselves, and God knows we've been  
trying. I've been trying. I was  
governess at that -

(she hates saying it, so  
she whispers it)

ludicrous place for five years!

What will we do, Emily? What will  
[we]...? What will we be?

18

EXT. MOOR. DAY 2 - (14 JULY 1845, 17:44)

18

Later. EMILY and ANNE've stopped to flop and gaze across the moor at the calm, still, brilliant day. Emily's got off her high horse. This isn't what they'd planned to do together today, it's all a bit out of the ordinary to be talking like this. Normally they're off in Gondal when they get the chance, not facing the realities, but today's different.

EMILY

19

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY. F/B 4 - (4 FEBRUARY 1836 - 15:21)

19

1836. AUNT BRANWELL (60) and PATRICK (59) are with EMILY (17) and BRANWELL (18), who both look pretty glum, like they've both just failed at something.

AUNT BRANWELL  
Sharpers?

BRANWELL  
Thieves.

PATRICK  
You were mugged?

AUNT BRANWELL  
Four of them?

EMILY's watching BRANWELL. She's sharp enough to know he's lying even if the grown-ups aren't.

BRANWELL  
I think four.

AUNT BRANWELL  
In broad daylight? That's - surely someone saw what happened?

PATRICK  
(interrupting)  
So you didn't even get there?

BRANWELL  
No!  
(he's verging on tearful)  
It was just after I arrived at the coaching inn at St. Martin le Grand, and I knew my way around. From the maps. In my head. But London - the whole thing - it was just so much bigger than I ever imagined.  
(at PATRICK)  
You didn't tell me how big it was! And I didn't know who to turn to! With no money. So. I came home.

PATRICK  
Well -  
(latching onto what AUNT BRANWELL just said)  
Yes, witnesses, surely someone saw what happened.

BRANWELL  
They all looked away and went about their business!

AUNT BRANWELL

So all thirty shillings? Gone?  
 (she's sickened with  
 disappointment for  
 BRANWELL, his big chance  
 scuppered)  
 Oh - !

BRANWELL shakes his head, what can he do? He's as upset as they are (genuinely so, but he's crying because he's lying to them and hates himself for it).

20

EXT. MOOR. DAY 2. CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 18 - (14 JULY 1845,  
 17:46)

20

EMILY and ANNE as before.

EMILY

Then when Aunt Branwell went to bed  
 and papa went back to his study, I  
 said to him, 'You're lying'. And he  
 admitted it. He didn't even get to  
 London, never mind any business at  
 any Royal Academy.

(ANNE's intrigued: why?)

He said he was about to get on the  
 high-flier. In Bradford. With his  
 paintings and his sketches. But  
 then when he was faced with the  
 reality of setting off for London,  
 he realised... that they just  
 weren't that good. They might look  
 well enough at home, but next to a  
 Lawrence, or a Gainsborough...

(she dries up)

So he fortified himself. He said.  
 To get courage to get on the next  
 coach - which was his intention.  
 But he didn't. He spent four days  
 in Bradford. Drunk and miserable  
 and dreaming up some trash that he  
 thought everyone at home'd be blown  
 enough to believe.

ANNE

He spent thirty shillings on drink?  
 In four days?

EMILY

I could've cheerfully murdered him.  
 To start with. And then... actually  
 I felt sorry for him. They always  
 expected so much of him. More -  
 probably - than he was ever capable  
 of. And I just thought 'Thank God  
 I'm not you'. I mean I know I  
 couldn't cope at Roe Head.

(MORE)



EMILY doesn't like betraying people's confidence. On the other hand it's only their CHARLOTTE.

EMILY

You know when we were in Brussels?

Monsieur Heger

(she hesitates, then lowers  
her voice, even though  
they're in the middle of  
nowhere)

She went to confession . To confess  
her guilt.

ANNE

(amazed)

Confession? As in - ? In a - ?

EMILY

Yeah.

ANNE

(mouthing it)

Catholic church?

EMILY

She had no-one to talk to, and so  
of course then she felt guilty  
about setting foot inside a  
Catholic church. She wrote to me -  
Don't tell papa.

ANNE

So...

(ANNE can't help smiling.

She knows it's not funny,  
really, but it's  
obviously ironic)

She went into a Catholic church to  
confess her guilt about -

(lowers her voice)

- having feelings for Monsieur  
Heger , but then she had to write to  
you to confess her guilt about  
going to confession?

EMILY

I don't like the Catholic Church  
any more than I like any other sort  
of organised hypocrisy. BUT. I do  
think there's something to be said  
for being able to get something off  
your chest. Of course I absolved  
her.

She makes a saintly gesture and smiles beatifically.

ANNE

And she actually

EMILY

And the point is. She's made herself ill with obsession and guilt and God knows what else. Disappointment. Over a married man. And then Branwell blithely wades in and does that, and never mind the consequences. So. If she is animated about it... that's why.

(ANNE takes it in. In the distance EMILY sees a cart with a MAN and a WOMAN in it)

Shh! People. Shuddup. Hide.

EMILY keeps her head down so she doesn't have to say hello to anyone. ANNE's still digesting the information.

22 EXT. DEVONSHIRE ARMS, KEIGHLEY. DAY 3 - (21 JULY 1845, 12:50) 22

A week later.

BRANWELL and JOHN BROWN step down off the high-flier (along with fifteen other people) at the Devonshire Arms in Keighley. BRANWELL looks marginally less wretched than last time we saw him, but he's still a man with a dark obsession hanging over him.

BRANWELL

(voice over)

My dear Leyland.

23 INT. JOE LEYLAND'S WORKSHOP, SWAN COPPICE, HALIFAX. DAY 4 - 23 \*  
(22 JULY 1845, 1 7:10) \*

JOSEPH BENTLEY LEYLAND (35 years old) is a sculptor. He's a beefy man with an accommodating face who looks more like a butcher than a sculptor. He's reading BRANWELL's letter. Behind LEYLAND sits whatever colossal, half-hewn edifice he's presently working on.

BRANWELL

(vo)

I returned yesterday from a week's journey to Liverpool and North Wales, but I found during my absence that wherever I went a certain woman robed in black, and calling herself 'MISERY' walked by my side, and leant on my arm as affectionately as if she were my legal wife. Like some other husbands... I could have spared her presence.





He tries to hide his whisky bottle as soon as he realises someone's coming in, but - being drunk - he's made a mess of it. CHARLOTTE appears at the door with her candle. She pretends she hasn't seen the bottle, and BRANWELL goes on the defensive -

BRANWELL

(he smiles: it's a bit arsy, a bit of a challenge)

Yes?

She comes in and shuts the door. And what comes out is sadness, not anger or judgement.

CHARLOTTE

If you don't get on top. Of this habit. When things don't go right for you. If you can't exercise some restraint. It'll take over your life. Branwell, and [it'll - ]

BRANWELL

Don't be ridiculous.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not being ridiculous - it'll destroy you . And you still have [so much] - ! Potentially, you still have so much to offer. Branwell.

(still no response)

You need a plan.

BRANWELL

I've got plans.

CHARLOTTE

Have you?

(he affirms in a rather dismissive 'I might have a way')

And can you share them? With anyone.

BRANWELL

Do you know what I've realised? This'll interest you. What I've realis[ed] -

(interrupts himself)

Oh! You will be pleased to hear. As well. That I have written to Francis Grundy. My old -

CHARLOTTE

I remember.

BRANWELL

- friend, and I've asked him to look out for me. For any vacancies. On the railway. Again. I mean surely enough time has elapsed for that other business to be swept under the -

(he makes a gesture)

- carpet, and he wasn't a man to hold a grudge. Francis. No. So. Also! I have written to Leyland. In Halifax. And I shall visit him. You see there may be opportunities there.

CHARLOTTE

(she nods: good)

What's the thing that would interest me?

BRANWELL

Ah! Do you know what I've realised?

CHARLOTTE

What?

BRANWELL

There's no money in poetry.

(CHARLOTTE takes that in.

Okay, fair enough. She could've told him that.

But so what?)

Novels. That's where the money is. And the thing, the thing I've realised. Is. That whilst the composition of a poem demands the utmost stretch of a man's intellect - and for what? Ten pounds at the most - I could hum a tune and smoke a cigar and I'd have a novel written.

CHARLOTTE takes that in. Whether it's true or not, she can't say. What does strike her -

CHARLOTTE

No-one would publish a novel by an unknown author.

BRANWELL

Northangerland -

(he indicates himself)

Has had nine poems published in the Halifax Guardian.

(MORE)



MR. GREENWOOD - a local dignitary - has come to watch, and congratulate PATRICK.

29 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 29 09:48)

The horse-drawn cart comes around the bend in the lane, and up Church Lane, drawing parallel with the church tower.

30 INT. PARSONAGE, CHARLOTTE & ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 4A. MORNING 30 CONTINUOUS - (20 AUGUST 1845, 09:50)

EMILY and CHARLOTTE are watching the spectacle from the upstairs window in CHARLOTTE and ANNE'S bedroom. They look striking together, EMILY so tall and CHARLOTTE so little.

EMILY

Are you still thinking about going to Paris?

CHARLOTTE

I don't think it's likely. At the moment.

EMILY

Why?

(CHARLOTTE struggles to formulate a response: the truth is she's too swamped in apathy and depression to organise something like that)

It might do you good.

(still no response)

Are you still hell-bent on making yourself poorly?

CHARLOTTE

I'm not poorly, I'm just struggling to...

(it's something she can't articulate, and then an outburst - )

Why is it that a woman's lot is so very different to a man's? I've never felt inferior. Have you? Intellectually. Why is it that we have so very few opportunities? You or I could do almost anything we set our minds to. But no. All we can realistically plan is a school - a modest enough school - that no-one wants to come to! Why is it that a woman's lot is to be perpetually infantilized ?

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Or else invisible . And powerless to do anything about it?

EMILY looks quite engaged by CHARLOTTE's outburst. She mulls it over, and it's more CHARLOTTE's bad temper she's reacting to than what she's said as she mumbles -

EMILY

Did he never write back to you?  
Heger?

Eventually, self-consciously -

CHARLOTTE

No.

(EMILY looks a bit sad and sorry and awkward; the closest she can come to showing sympathy.

CHARLOTTE takes the opportunity to say - )

Anne says you've written some poems.

(EMILY considers that. Then realises she doesn't actually have to provide an answer)

Have you ever thought about publishing them?

EMILY

(quiet, decisive)

No.

Pause. They watch the bells.

CHARLOTTE

It's - the thing is you see - I've written some verses too, and if between us we could accumulate enough material to think about publishing a small volume, [then] -

EMILY

What, and have it pored over and ridiculed and rubbished by whoever might choose to waste their money on it?

Not likely.

EMILY leaves CHARLOTTE to it, she's seen enough of the bells arriving. CHARLOTTE's left with whatever plan she had brewing trashed.

Or is it?

31 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 31  
10:35)

EMILY heads off out through the back yard (with KEEPER and FLOSSIE) and up onto the moors. KEEPER gallops off. EMILY whistles at him, loud like a sheep farmer, and shouts -

EMILY  
Get back here! Keeper!

32 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR/HALLWAY/STAIRS/UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY 32

CHARLOTTE braces herself: she really shouldn't be doing this. She opens the lid. Like most desks, it has a false base, or a secret drawer, but of course CHARLOTTE knows that, because her own writing desk is probably similar. Effortlessly she accesses the secret compartment, and finds it full of nothing significant. Frustrated, that's when her eyes land on EMILY's sewing box, sitting there in plain sight on top of her chest of drawers. She replaces the writing desk in the drawer, and opens the sewing box. She lifts out the top tray. Then under the next layer... she finds what she's looking for. Several notebooks filled with poetry. She carries them over to the bed and opens one up. Everything's written up in neat, easily legible but tiny print. She flicks through. We hear EMILY's voice -

f (serirT -0.0167 Tc 12 0 0 12 108 605 Tm /TT6 1 Tf (voice -) Tj 0 . 9



EMILY (CONT'D)

(vo)

Then dawns the Invisible, the  
Unseen its truth reveals;/ My  
outward sense is gone, my inward  
essence feels Ñ/ Its wings are  
almost free, its home, its harbour  
found;/ Measuring the gulf, it  
stoops and dares the final bound!/  
O, dreadful is the check Ñ intense  
the agony/ When the ear begins to



(CHARLOTTE's still not responding)  
She also has too much  
(suddenly she shouts the words in a way that makes everyone jump -)  
dignity. And respect. For other people's things.

EMILY manages a glance at CHARLOTTE. CHARLOTTE's cornered and she knows it, she's only got her brains and diplomacy to save her now.

CHARLOTTE  
I shouldn't have, I know. But I'm not s[orry] - I mean I am sorry, but - look. Emily. Your poems are...  
(she hasn't got words big enough. We can see ANNE

EMILY

(she feels violated. She's  
gone icy)

You disgust me. You can't begin to  
imagine how much. You stay out of  
my room and you don't speak to me.  
You don't speak to me generally ,  
and you don't speak to me  
specifically about your misguided,  
tedious, grubby little publishing  
plans.

She chucks all her stuff back in her desk, slams her lid  
shut, picks it up, and leaves the room. As she leaves,  
PATRICK's just coming in from his study across the hallway  
(he's heard raised voices).

PATRICK

What's the matter?

EMILY

(pushing past)

She's been in people's bedrooms  
going through people's things .  
(she heads off upstairs)  
I'm putting a lock on that door!

PATRICK turns back to CHARLOTTE and ANNE.

PATRICK

What happened? Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE  
 I imagine he's taken a key.  
 (PATRICK accepts that,  
 lingers a bit, and then  
 withdraws. CHARLOTTE can  
 feel ANNE looking at her)  
 All right! I made a mistake.  
 (a beat)  
 Except I didn't! They're - !  
 (still she can't find words  
 big enough)  
 Have you read them?

ANNE  
 No. She's never asked me to. What  
 did she mean about your 'grubby  
 little publishing plans'?

CHARLOTTE  
 Oh -  
 (perhaps she wasn't going  
 to share it with ANNE,  
 but right now she needs  
 all the allies she can  
 get)  
 it was something Branwell said.

40 INT. PARSONAGE, CHARLOTTE & ANNE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4A. DUSK  
 ( 20 AUGUST 1845, 21:36)

ANNE comes into the room and eagerly, carefully takes a small  
 collection of notebooks, and a more substantial document (the  
 manuscript of Passages In The Life of an Individual ) from  
 between folded clothes in one of her drawers.

41 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 4A. DUSK - (20 AUGUST 1845, 21:37) 41

ANNE comes back in and hands one of her notebooks to  
 CHARLOTTE. Rather gingerly, CHARLOTTE takes it. ANNE sits  
 down next to her. Nervous. CHARLOTTE opens it. Poetry. She  
 reads. Takes her time. She skims through to another page, and  
 reads. Clearly she's nowhere near as excited as she was when  
 she read EMILY's poetry.

CHARLOTTE  
 They're not without charm.

ANNE  
 It's not just the poems, you see.  
 I've been writing this too.  
 (she offers her the  
 manuscript entitled  
 Passages in the Life of  
 an Individual.  
 (MORE)



CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(again, she's lost for hyperbole so resorts to something more prosaic)  
Actually worth spending a few shillings on.

42 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 5 - (22 AUGUST 1845, 10:31)

42

Two days later. EMILY's busy dividing the bread dough she's just kneaded into four lots, to make four loaves. (We notice her pencil behind her ear, her notebook handy, her ink stained fingers). The kitchen's busy with TABBY and MARTHA to-ing and fro-ing. ANNE's with EMILY. Their conversation is a bit hush hush (on ANNE's part at least), not wanting TABBY and MARTHA to hear the details of what is after all a bit of a domestic argument.

ANNE

I feel sorry for her.

EMILY

Why?

ANNE

Same reason I feel sorry for Branwell. So much is expected of her. Being the eldest. And not even the eldest. By accident the eldest.

EMILY

Bossiest. She was bossy when Maria and Elizabeth were still alive, I remember it. Vividly. It's being so bossy that's stunted her growth.

ANNE knows that was said a bit tongue-in-cheek. Its intention was to raise a smile, even though EMILY's still not giving much away, and even though it was a bit cruel. So ANNE can see light at the end of the tunnel, if she persists.

ANNE

She's ambitious. For all of us, and I can see nothing wrong with that. I realise some people might think it's vulgar, but Emily, we were born writing, and if we're cautious, if we're clever - and we are - and if we disguise our real selves and our sex [well then surely] -

EMILY covers the loaves with a cloth to let them rise, whips her pinny off, then calls to TABBY (interrupting ANNE) -

EMILY

Right, that's done, Tabby! I'm off down the hill -!  
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 (TABBYÕs just come through  
 from the back kitchen, so  
 EMILY realises she  
 doesnÕt have to shout)

Hill.

TABBY  
 ItÕs wonderful how quiet they all  
 think she is in tÕvillage, and how  
 loud she is at home.

EMILY gives TABBY a Ôyeah whateverÕ look and turns to ANNE -

EMILY  
 You can come with me if you want.

43 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 5 - (22 AUGUST 1845, 10: 38) 43 \*

EMILY and ANNE come out of the back door, out of the back gate and head down Church Lane together.

ANNE  
 Have you ever thought about writing  
 something thatÕs not Gondal?  
 Something more... not princesses  
 and emperors, more just... what  
 happens in the real world.

At length, having weighed up whether she wants to share this and play ball -

EMILY  
 You know when I worked in Halifax?  
 At that school at Law Hill.

ANNE  
 Yes.

EMILY  
 Miss Patchett. That ran it. She  
 told me this tale. And IÕve often  
 thought itÕd make a story. A novel.

ANNE  
 What was it about?

EMILY  
 This man, this lad. Jack Sharp.  
 (smiling, thrilled)  
 Have I never told you this?

Nope.



Winter, 1838. 20-year-old EMILY is a teaching assistant, and walks side-by-side with ELIZABETH PATCHETT, the 42-year-old head teacher of Law Hill School. In front of them a crocodile of 10-year-old girls, walking two abreast (with another teacher leading from the front to keep up the pace). They're walking away from the school (possibly to church) so the school is behind them. MISS PATCHETT is a cheerful,

Jack stayed at home with the girls -



46 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:00) 46

Sunday morning. The church bells ring joyously.

47 INT. PARSONAGE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:01) 47

CHARLOTTE and ANNE are with EMILY. EMILY remains rather cool with CHARLOTTE. CHARLOTTE'S calm but energised, delighted that EMILY'S been won round, but wise enough not to be too over the top about it. CHARLOTTE'S responding to a statement EMILY'S just made -

CHARLOTTE

Of course we're not going to use our real names!

ANNE

But must they be men's names?

EMILY

When a man writes something, it's what he's written that's judged. When a woman writes something, it's her that's judged.

ANNE takes that in and realises it's true.

CHARLOTTE

We must select the poems we want to use and then... yes, if we're to be taken seriously and judged fairly and make anything resembling a profit... we must walk invisible.

A moment.

ANNE

What about names that are neither men's nor women's?

48 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:48) 48

The bells continue to ring as we see CHARLOTTE'S hand write 'Currer Bell' on one of her manuscripts. EMILY'S hand comes in and writes 'Ellis Bell' on one of hers. ANNE'S comes in and writes 'Acton Bell' on one of hers.

49 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:48) INTO DAY 7 ( MARCH 1846, 14:03) 219 \*

Epic shot of Haworth and the hills. The bells continue to ring joyously and - like most church bells - slightly out of kilter. Then as the bells fade, the landscape changes from autumn to winter.

The church, the parsonage, and the moorland township is covered in a modest dusting of snow (1845 - 46 was a mild winter).

50 EXT. MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 7 - (2 MARCH 1846, 14:03) 50

2 March 1846. CHARLOTTE returns home from seeing ELLEN again, heading up the hill, just as she was the first time we saw her in Scene 3, eight months ago.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Dear Ellen. I reached home a little after 2 o'clock all safe and right yesterday. Emily and Anne were gone to Keighley to meet me.

This voice over takes us into the next scene and continues through it -

51 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY AND VIEW INTO PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 7 51  
(2 MARCH 1846, 14:05)

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Unfortunately I had returned by the old road while they were gone by the new, and we missed each other.

CHARLOTTE comes in and finds no-one in the parlour. She goes across the hallway and taps on PATRICK'S study door, then pushes it open. MR. NICHOLLS is in with PATRICK, reading correspondence to him (we may see MR. NICHOLLS' slight agitation - he's infatuated - when CHARLOTTE is anywhere near him, but it goes right over CHARLOTTE'S head).

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I'm back.

MR. NICHOLLS

(flustered, he stands up politely and knocks his tea cup over)

Miss Brontë!

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Nicholls .

52 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING/BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 7 52  
(2 MARCH 1846, 14:06)

CHARLOTTE goes upstairs, unfastening her bonnet.

CHARLOTTE

(vo to ELLEN)

I went into the room where Branwell was, to speak to him. It was very forced work to address him. I might have spared myself the trouble as he took no notice -

(at this point we see

CHARLOTTE going,  
ÓBranwell? Branwell! Ó at  
him. Once more heÓs  
sitting on the floor,  
amidst papers, with pen  
and ink, but too  
stupefied to actually  
write anything, and with  
all sick down his front)

- and made no reply. He was  
stupefied.

Just as sheÓs about to leave him to it, CHARLOTTE sees a parcel on the floor, addressed to herself. C. Bront' Esq. She grabs it. Continuous -

53

INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELLÓS BEDROOM. DAY 7. CONTINUOUS - (2 53  
MARCH 1846, 14:08)

CHARLOTTE

WhatÓs this? Branwell, whatÓs this?

BRANWELL

(he can barely string  
thoughts and words  
together. He seems  
miserable yet amused)

Ohh... thassfer you. I opened it.  
By mistake. It said ÓesquireÓ so I  
thought... Ótwas mine.

(CHARLOTTE realises heÓs  
opened it, and heÓs been  
through it)

Proof pages! So how much are you  
paying them for the privilege? I  
assume youÓre paying them, I assume  
youÓve clubbed together, I assume  
theyÓre not paying you ?

It takes him a while to spit this out, because he is properly

54 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 7 - (2 MARCH 1846, 16:13)

54

EMILY and ANNE have just arrived back with the dogs, and are just taking their capes and hats off. CHARLOTTE's been home about two hours now.

CHARLOTTE

I didn't confirm or deny, I made no reply.

EMILY

I don't care about him knowing we're paying them, it's a means to an end as far as I'm concerned. I care about him talking to people. About us.

CHARLOTTE

Where's he got the money from anyway? To get into that state?

EMILY

He screwed a sovereign out of papa. Yesterday.

ANNE

He claimed to have some pressing debt, and papa said no, and then [the next thing] -

EMILY

(interrupts)

- then the next thing we know he's given it to him - God knows how or why - and he's trotting off down the hill to get it changed in the Black Bull.

Silence as CHARLOTTE absorbs that. The implications: was PATRICK bullied and threatened? CHARLOTTE goes very sombre. Eventually -

ANNE

Perhaps - when he's sober - he'll not even remember he's seen our proof sheets.

Good point. CHARLOTTE and EMILY both latch on to that and are keen to believe it. Although they're both wise enough to know it's not exactly a fool proof plan.

CHARLOTTE

I'll write to Aylott and Jones and ask them to address their correspondence differently in future.

ANNE  
Was he angry? Branwell.

Yes, he was, but -

CHARLOTTE  
What can we do? We can't include  
him, the way he is now! He's  
unmanageable! We'd never get  
anything agreed or done!

EMILY  
Anyway, why would Northangerland  
want to publish with his sisters?

CHARLOTTE  
He certainly couldn't afford to  
contribute to the costs.

EMILY  
We're doing the right thing. Anne.  
It's hard, it's tough, but I'm  
sorry.  
(she's quiet, she hates  
saying this, she can see  
it troubles ANNE)  
He'd drag us down with him if we  
let him.

They all know it's true, appalling as it is to admit it.

55 EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 10:22)



BRANWELL takes genuine pleasure in JOE'S epic endeavours.  
(There are two of JOE'S APPRENTICES busy throughout.)

BRANWELL

Hello Joe.

LEYLAND

(he turns and sees  
BRANWELL. He's delighted)

Well I never. Eh?

(he downs tools)

How y'doing lad?

He goes and gives BRANWELL a big fond hug.

BRANWELL

I've resolved. This morning. To  
keep myself busy.

LEYLAND

Good. Good!

(he casually regards his  
morning's work on the  
monument, and confides -)

Me too.

57

INT. THE TALBOT INN, HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 11:44)

57

Half an hour later. BRANWELL and JOE are big drinking buddies. JOE can drink for England. (He's on the slippery slope too, and for all his life enhancing talent, will die an alcoholic, just three years after BRANWELL - five years from now - at the ripe old age of 40).

BRANWELL

I thought I'd go and see John  
Frobisher. I thought I might write  
something to set to music. And he'd  
be the man. He is still here, isn't  
he? At the church?

LEYLAND

So far as I know, yeah. Have  
y'thought any more about going  
abroad?

BRANWELL

Not - no, I've not seen any  
vacanc[ies] - at least nothing that  
- not with the way things are at  
the moment.

LEYLAND nods sagely.

LEYLAND

How's things at home?

BRANWELL pauses; he barely knows how to answer.

58 INT. THE TALBOT INN, HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 12:46)

58

We jump to exactly the same scene, but an hour later, when both men have had much more to drink. But they're still on the same subject -

BRANWELL

It's like living with people who don't speak the same language as I do! No. Joe. Honestly. I could be with a tribe from some far flung corner of the globe for all I have in common with them! They despise me, and -

(he was going to say 'And I despise them' but it's not quite true, and he knows that)

I only live there because I'm such a fucking pauper. They need to get married, those three. Only who'd have them? Who'd have any of us? What a ridiculous set we've become.

(a moment)

And we used to be quite a nice little family.

(silence, he goes thoughtful, more time passes)

She d[id] - she does love me. You know. Joe.

(he checks that no-one's listening. Of course no-one is)

Lydia.

LEYLAND

Well. You know.

(he's heard it all so many times, and God knows what the truth was)

I don't know. I wasn't there, I can't say.

BRANWELL

I know everyone thinks I'm - God knows - but if you saw her - if only for a moment - you'd get it, you'd see.

LEYLAND

What would I see?

BRANWELL

That she's... the sort of woman  
that can change a man's life. His  
whole... everything.

LEYLAND

You've got to look forwards though,  
eh? Not back. We've talked about  
this.

LEYLAND glances around the bar to see if there's anyone more  
interesting wandered in lately.

Nope.

BRANWELL

Am I boring you, Leyland?

LEYLAND

No, lad. No. You're not boring me.  
I just - I worry that you're  
kidding yerself. Eh? A woman her  
age, in her position.

BRANWELL

No. Leyland. What you've got to  
understand. Is that her husband...

EMILY

Look.

She means the moon.

BRANWELL

I know. It's beautiful.

He staggers looking up at the moon, nearly loses his equilibrium because he still has so much alcohol in his blood. He steadies himself by clinging onto EMILY (she lets him) and then he sits with her.

BRANWELL (CONT'D)

The same moon that's shone down since we were children. Since our ancestors were children. We're...

BRANWELL

Who?

THOMAS MALLINSON

He says he's from -  
(he enunciates it clearly,  
as it was said to him)  
Thorp. Green .

BRANWELL can't believe his ears, and can't get a coherent question out -

BRANWELL

Who who who - ?  
( who is he? THOMAS just  
shakes his head: that's  
as much as he knows)  
I'll I'll just - I'll get my coat.

BRANWELL dives into the back kitchen, pushing past the women. Little THOMAS watches and waits, hoping for a farthing off someone for his trouble if he loiters. EMILY comes out and sees what's happening. She sees THOMAS. He smiles at her. EMILY's expression doesn't change, she just looks very severe and goes back inside. TABBY's come out to have a look too. BRANWELL comes flying back out pulling his coat on, and with his stove pipe hat perched on the back of his head.

62

INT. BLACK BULL. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:05)

62

BRANWELL arrives in the Black Bull and looks around anxiously. The landlord, ENOCH THOMAS (age 34), catches BRANWELL's eye and nods through to a little snug room. BRANWELL heads through (we go with him) and we discover the striking young man in black we saw earlier. WILLIAM ALLISON is a groom in the Robinson household at Thorp Green. BRANWELL takes in the fact that ALLISON is dressed in black.

WILLIAM ALLISON

Mr. Brontë.

BRANWELL

(daring to hope, but  
fearful in case for some  
reason it's her that's  
dead)  
Someone's dead.

WILLIAM ALLISON

Mr. Robinson. He passed away three weeks this last Tuesday. Did you not know?

Practised at concealing the affair, BRANWELL has to conceal his glee.

WILLIAM ALLISON is a difficult man to read: it's difficult to tell where his sympathies lie, or whose agenda he's pushing, yet we sense no personal animosity between himself and BRANWELL. In his calm, quiet, unassuming manner, he seems to be treading a fine line between diffident and threatening.

BRANWELL

(hardly daring to speak for excitement, his eyes have lit up)

No. No, how could I?

WILLIAM ALLISON

It's been in the papers.

BRANWELL

We - we don't get the York papers.

WILLIAM ALLISON'S bought a bottle of whisky and two glasses; he knows BRANWELL likes a drink. He's already poured one for himself: he pours one for BRANWELL.

WILLIAM ALLISON

(gently)

You're advised. To stay away.

BRANWELL takes that in.

BRANWELL

Does she...?

(lowers his voice, looks around. Like he knows that ALLISON knows, just neither of them can name it)

Not want me to go to her? She didn't say that.

WILLIAM ALLISON

No. No, it isn't her. It's Mr. Evans. One of the trustees of Mr. Robinson's will. Apparently... he's said if he sees you, he'll shoot you.

BRANWELL absorbs that.

BRANWELL

Did he send you?

WILLIAM ALLISON

No. No. She did. She was concerned you might turn up. And that Mr. Evans might feel obliged to do as he's threatened. And as well as that. You should know. By the terms of the will.

(MORE)

WILLIAM ALLISON (CONT'D)

If she marries again, she'll  
forfeit any rights to her husband's  
fortune.

BRANWELL

What?

WILLIAM ALLISON

Every penny. And the house.  
(BRANWELL's shaking his  
head. This is appalling)  
She asked me. Not to tell you how  
wretched she is. You'd not  
recognise her, Mr. Brontë. She's  
worn herself out these last few  
months in attendance upon him. And  
then - in the last few days before  
his death - his manner was so mild.  
So... conciliatory. It's a pity to  
see her, kneeling at her prayers.  
In tears. I suppose we can only  
guess at what torments of  
conscience she might be going  
through. Now.

BRANWELL

But she sent you -

WILLIAM ALLISON

- to beg you to think of your own  
safety. Mr. Brontë. And her sanity.  
Which - below stairs - we fear  
hangs by a thread.

BRANWELL's angry. He kind of knows he's being brushed off,  
but by who, he doesn't know. I suppose it suits him to think  
it's not her, but them, the trustees. Even though he is angry  
he still can't express that anger, because WILLIAM ALLISON is  
a lot bigger than BRANWELL, which is presumably one of the  
reasons he was sent.

BRANWELL

I don't give a damn about my own  
safety.

WILLIAM ALLISON

No, but thing is...  
(as delicately and kindly  
as he can)  
It's never going to happen, Mr.  
Brontë. Do you understand?  
(lowers his voice)  
You're advised to stay away.

WILLIAM ALLISON stands up - keeps his eyes on BRANWELL -  
swallows the tot of whisky he's poured himself, and leaves  
BRANWELL with the rest of the bottle. Unobtrusively, like  
very little has happened - he walks out.

But what's going on in BRANWELL's head is huge. Momentous. Devastating.

63 EXT/INT. JOHN BROWN'S WORKSHOP. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:52) 63

JOHN BROWN's busy chiselling away at a head stone when THOMAS MALLINSON appears in his doorway. He's just run up Church Lane.

THOMAS MALLINSON  
Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!

JOHN BROWN  
What do you want, you little  
bugger?

JOHN says this with a certain brusque affection.

THOMAS MALLINSON  
You've to come! Mr. Thomas at Black  
Bull says you've to come!

JOHN can see it's urgent. He downs tools and follows THOMAS.

64 INT. BLACK BULL. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:59) 64

The bottle of whisky is empty. BRANWELL's all limp and floppy and incoherent. He's sitting on the floor, in tears, crying silently but uncontrollably. ENOCH THOMAS is sitting with him, pending JOHN BROWN's arrival. ENOCH THOMAS has his hand on BRANWELL's shoulder, like he's sympathetic, but doesn't really know what to say (like people don't in real life when people cry). JOHN BROWN comes in.

JOHN BROWN  
Now what?

ENOCH THOMAS  
God knows. There were a fella here.

JOHN BROWN  
Paddy? Come on lad. What's up?

ENOCH THOMAS  
I sent for thee 'cos I thowt -

JOHN BROWN  
No, you've done reight.

ENOCH THOMAS (CONT'D)  
- state he's in.

JOHN BROWN  
Come on.

BRANWELL realises JOHN's here.





We now see the world from BRANWELL'S pissed wobbly point of view.

JOHN BROWN is humiliated bumping into MR. NICHOLLS like this -

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)  
He - he - had a bad do, he  
had a bit of bad news.

- but JOHN BROWN needn't be humiliated; MR. NICHOLLS immediately grasps the sordid situation, and tacitly undertakes to help JOHN get BRANWELL inside and out of sight. Together they walk BRANWELL through the gate and inside...

66

INT. PARSONAGE, BACK KITCHEN/KITCHEN/HALLWAY. DAY 9.  
CONTINUOUS - (20 JUNE 1846, 14:07)

66

...through the back kitchen, the kitchen, into the hallway.  
MR. NICHOLLS' hat gets knocked off in the tussle.

BRANWELL  
[Fucking] curate. [Fucking]...  
(pulling his arm away from  
MR. NICHOLLS)  
touch me.

MR. NICHOLLS  
(calm)  
Calm down.

BRANWELL  
You calm down.

MR. NICHOLLS  
Please don't raise your voice.

BRANWELL  
Don't [fucking] tell me what to do!

67

INT. PARSONAGE, CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS - (20 JUNE 1846, 14:08)

EMILY'S ironing when she hears the commotion downstairs. She stops in the hallway to see that's going on.

BRANWELL

Look at them, looking at me!  
They're always looking at me! With  
their stupid, empty faces! Stop  
looking at me! And him! What do you  
want? What do you want? You've had  
everything! You've had everything  
you're getting!

He lets out a weird animal roar at them all again (as he did in scene 5) then this becomes the most anguished crying. Eventually he dissolves into tears and flops on the floor. No-one seems to know what to do, it's absurd and humiliating. EMILY sets off down the stairs. JOHN whispers in BRANWELL's ear -

JOHN BROWN

Come on upstairs, have a lie down  
and you can have a few knock-out  
drops, eh?

BRANWELL nods. He can barely focus. But the idea of knock-out drops gives him something to aim to get to the top of the stairs for. He lets EMILY and JOHN help him upstairs. MR. NICHOLLS - left at the bottom of the stairs - glances apologetically at CHARLOTTE as he retrieves his hat, and they manage a brief embarrassed exchange -

MR. NICHOLLS

Sorry.

CHARLOTTE

Sorry.

- and he leaves.

69

INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846,  
14.11)

69

JOHN and EMILY get BRANWELL into his bedroom. BRANWELL pulls JOHN towards him and murmurs -

BRANWELL

You'll have to go down the hill and  
get me some John, I haven't got  
any.

JOHN tuts a bit, he knows damned well BRANWELL won't have any money either, and he'll have to pay for it himself.

JOHN BROWN

Right, well you'll atta gi me a  
few miOWN

JOHN glances apologetically at EMILY and leaves the room. BRANWELL groans and writhes on the bed, then heaves himself up and vomits. EMILY watches, stony-faced, knowing she's the mug who gets to clear that up. KEEPER wanders in to have a look as well. 'Ooh sick, that looks tasty', KEEPER's thinking. EMILY grabs his collar.

EMILY

Don't.

70 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 10 - (7 JULY 1846, 22.26) 70

CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE all busy writing. We linger on them writing for a good few moments. There's an oil lamp in the middle of the table. Perhaps we can tell by their level of concentration that EMILY and ANNE are writing fiction. CHARLOTTE's writing to ELLEN.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Dear Ellen. We have been somewhat more harassed than usual lately. The death of Mr. Robinson has served Branwell for a pretext to throw all about him into hubbub and confusion.

CHARLOTTE's VO continues as we cut visually to the next scene...

71 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. MORNING. DAY 10 - (7 JULY 1846, 11:40) 71

PATRICK

(oov)  
You need. To get a situation . You  
need . To pull yourself together!

BRANWELL

(oov)  
IÕve tried! God, IÕve tried ! Are  
you stupid as well as blind?  
ThereÕs nothing out there! Not for  
someone whoÕs fit for nothing like  
me! Thanks to you .

PATRICK

(oov)  
YouÕve had every opportunity! I am  
not giving you any more money.

BRANWELL

(oov)  
No, you are.

PATRICK

(oov)  
No, IÕm not. IÕm afraid there is no  
more.

BRANWELL

(oov)  
Right, well IÕll just have to take  
it then.

PATRICK

(oov)  
Well. Mm. YouÕll have to find it  
first.

BRANWELL

(oov)  
Where is it?

PATRICK

(oov)  
ItÕs gone.

BRANWELL

(oov)  
Where is it? Tell me where it is!

PATRICK

(oov)  
You can threaten me all you like.  
There is no more money, Branwell.  
Not for you. I beg you to recognise  
that you are ill .

During the above CHARLOTTE takes a handful of mail from  
SAMUEL HARTLEY

She murmurs 'thank you' at SAMUEL who looks a bit embarrassed for CHARLOTTE, trying to pretend he can't hear the shouting. CHARLOTTE closes the outer door and we follow her into the parlour...

\*

72 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 11:43) 72

...as CHARLOTTE's voice over continues. CHARLOTTE shuts the parlour door behind her (we stay with her in the parlour, the shouting across continues, but less distinct), and she sorts through the mail. There's one for her and the rest for her father. She opens the letter, and reads. Enclosed are a couple of newspaper cuttings: reviews. She absorbs the contents quickly (again we see what a quick reader she is and how fast her mind works) and despite the misery of what's going on in the house right now, the contents of the cuttings make her eyes light up.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

He says Mrs. Robinson is now insane, that her mind is a complete wreck, owing to remorse for her conduct towards Mr. Robinson, whose end it appears was hastened by distress of mind, and grief for having lost him. I do not know how much to believe of what he says. He now declares that he neither can nor will do anything for himself. Good situations have been offered more than once - for which by a fortnight's work he might have qualified himself - but he will do nothing except drink and make us all wretched.

CHARLOTTE leaves the room with the paper cuttings...

73 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 11:45) 73

...and heads along the corridor (BRANWELL and PATRICK still arguing in the study), through the kitchen, through the back kitchen (where TABBY's busy), and outside...

74 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 11:46) 74

...where EMILY's feeding a couple of geese. CHARLOTTE speaks quietly so TABBY won't get wind of it.

CHARLOTTE

Two reviews. One from the Critic ,  
one from the Athenaeum . Both  
anonymous. But both really...  
(she doesn't want to  
overstate the case)  
Really quite good. Especially about  
you.

EMILY takes the papers and reads. She reads just as  
efficiently as CHARLOTTE. EMILY doesn't show much, but we can  
see that on the quiet she finds this deeply gratifying.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Ò...refreshing, vigorous poetry -  
no sickly affectations, no namby-  
pamby, no tedious imitations of  
familiar strainsÓ.

There's a moment of something a bit like understanding  
between them. It's the closest EMILY will come to apologising  
to CHARLOTTE, and admitting that she did the right thing. But  
it's kind of understood.

EMILY

Are they still fighting?

CHARLOTTE tacitly affirms.

CHARLOTTE

Will you be all right? When I go to  
Manchester with Papa?

EMILY

(she nods)  
It's only three weeks. I'm more  
concerned about when he comes back.  
He'll need rest, and quiet. Not  
this.

Just then BRANWELL comes out of the house pulling his jacket  
on, his hat perched on the back of his head. TABBY knows to  
get out of his way as he pushes past her. Suddenly EMILY's  
anger gets the better of her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Did yÓget what you wanted?  
(she walks out onto the  
lane after him)  
Yeah! You. Are you proud of  
yourself? Eh? Wangling money out of  
a blind man? A man practically in  
his seventies.

BRANWELL

(a mumble)  
Oh fuck off.

EMILY

Come back here and say that.  
(BRANWELL comes back like  
he's going to head butt  
her, but to his surprise  
EMILY doesn't flinch, she  
walks towards him like  
she's going to head butt  
him back. And of course  
she's taller than he is)  
Yeah, go on. Have a go. See what  
happens.

BRANWELL decides not to.

BRANWELL

I haven't time.

EMILY

No, just the blind and the elderly  
then, is it?

BRANWELL

(as he wobbles away)  
Otherwise I would.

EMILY

Course you would.

BRANWELL clearly has more pressing matters to attend to now  
he's managed to get money out of PATRICK. EMILY watches after  
him for a moment and then marches back inside. CHARLOTTE  
follows.

75 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 11:48) 75

EMILY comes through to PATRICK'S study. The door's ajar. She  
taps on it and pushes it open. PATRICK's sitting there with a  
small contusion to his left cheek bone, which he prods  
gingerly to see how tender it is. He probably has a raging  
headache now as well. He looks up (as well as he can) at  
EMILY.

PATRICK

It's nothing.

EMILY

Did he hit you?

PATRICK

Don't make a fuss.

EMILY's angry. She's upset as well. But she decides to do as  
he's asking. She hesitates for a moment, and then leaves him  
to it and heads back to the kitchen.



CHARLOTTE lingers with PATRICK for another moment (to show solidarity) and then follows EMILY back through to the kitchen.

76 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 11:49) 76

TABBY's around, but out of earshot, and they keep it hush-hush. It's only then that CHARLOTTE realises that EMILY has tears in her eyes. Not that she's giving in to it. She presses the folded up reviews back into CHARLOTTE's hand, implying that she should put them somewhere safe.

EMILY

I'm still aiming to finish my story by the end of this week. There's a handful of passages I'd like to look at again, but then - depending on where you and Anne are with yours -

CHARLOTTE

Oh, The Professor's finished. As much as it ever will be.

EMILY

- perhaps we could aim to get them off to a publisher before you set off to Manchester.

CHARLOTTE agrees: good plan.

77 EXT. PARSONAGE. DAY 11 - (19 AUGUST 1846, 09:08) 77

Wednesday 19th August, 1846. Another sunny day. EMILY and the carter put CHARLOTTE and PATRICK's boxes on the cart that's waiting at the gate. ANNE leads blind PATRICK from the house. CHARLOTTE follows with a basket of provisions for the journey. EMILY helps ANNE get PATRICK up into a cart. CHARLOTTE murmurs to EMILY -

CHARLOTTE

Good luck.

EMILY

And you.

EMILY helps CHARLOTTE into the cart.

TABBY

(to CHARLOTTE)

Keep him wrapped up, see.

PATRICK

Are our boxes in?

CHARLOTTE

Yes yes, everything's under control, papa.

TABBY

Has she heard?

CHARLOTTE

Yes! I've heard.

PATRICK

And you know where the gun is, Emily.

EMILY

Yes.

CHARLOTTE

(calling to the driver)

We're all in! Thank you.

(then to EMILY)

I'll send you the address as soon as we know what it is!

EMILY, ANNE and TABBY watch them plod off down the lane. At length -

ANNE

(to EMILY)

Branwell doesn't know where the gun is. Does he?





ANNE (CONT'D)

To protect her child - and herself -  
because of a change in her  
husband's character when he sinks  
into...

(she glances up aloft where  
BRANWELL is)

You know. Addictive behaviour . And  
then forced to make her own way in  
the world.

EMILY considers. And then she's very clear about it -

EMILY

No. I don't think it's wrong. I'd  
never have invented Hindley if I  
hadn't been set such a fine example  
at home.

ANNE goes back to work. Then realises something -

ANNE

Have you seen Branwell today?

EMILY

No.

ANNE

Have you heard him?

No, EMILY realises, she hasn't. BRANWELL's voice takes us  
into the next scene -

BRANWELL

(vo)

I see a corpse upon the waters  
lie, / With eyes turned, swelled and  
sightless, to the sky -

83

INT. THE OVENDEN CROSS (INN), HALIFAX. NIGHT 12 - (24 AUGUST  
1846, 22:30)

83

We discover BRANWELL sitting at a table in a little room, on  
his own (like a snug room) composing a poem by candlelight  
(we sense the rest of the busy pub, off). He's in his shirt  
sleeves, like he's moved in here. He's not incapably drunk,  
he's at a stage where he imagines alcohol is enabling his  
imagination. But he is clearly wretched, and there are many  
crossings out. We hear what's in his head as he continues to  
read what he's written -

## BRANWELL

And arms outstretched, to move as  
 wave on wave/ Upbears it in its  
 boundless billowy grave./ Not time,  
 but Ocean thins its flowing hair;/  
 Decay, not sorrow, lays its  
 forehead bare;/ Its members move,  
 but not in  
 thankless toil,/ For seas are  
 milder than this world's turmoil;/  
 Corruption robs its lip and cheeks  
 of red,/ But wounded vanity grieves  
 not the dead;/ And, though those  
 members hasten to decay,/ No pang  
 of suffering takes their strength  
 away;/ With untormented eye, and  
 heart, and brain,/ Through calm and  
 storm it floats across the main:/  
 Though love and joy have perished  
 long ago,/ Its bosom suffers not  
 one pang of woe;/ Though weeds and  
 worms its cherished beauty hide,/  
 It feels not wounded vanity or  
 pride;/

(it's that last line that  
 makes BRANWELL start to  
 cry, and he struggles to  
 think the rest as he  
 dissolves into helpless  
 tears)

Though journeying towards some far  
 off shore,/ It needs no care or  
 purse to float it o'er;/ Though  
 launched in voyage for Eternity/ It  
 need not think upon what is to be ;/  
 Though naked, helpless and  
 companionless,/ It feels not  
 poverty or knows distress.

84

EXT. ROAD. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 09:40)

84

Three months later. There's frost on the ground and it's icy.  
 BRANWELL's walking home from Ovenden to Haworth. He looks  
 wretched, emaciated, gaunt, yellow. He's lost a stone in  
 weight since we last saw him. He also appears to have lost  
 his hat. BRANWELL now has the permanently unco-ordinated  
 manner of an alcoholic; even when he's not actually drunk,  
 it's as though the majority of his brain cells have been  
 squeezed dry. It affects everything about him, including his  
 gait. An old sheep baahs at him from a field. BRANWELL baahs  
 back. His clothes look a bit too big for him, he looks like  
 some funny little tramp out of a Laurel and Hardy film. A  
 cart goes past. He turns to it and sticks his thumb out,  
 offering a dopey, charming smile, hoping he can get a lift.  
 The well wrapped up CARTER asks him 'Wheer's ta gooin lad?'  
 BRANWELL says 'Haworth'. The CARTER indicates for him to jump  
 on the back.

85 EXT. MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:32) 85

BRANWELL walks up the main street. It's still icy and he slides over. He picks himself up and carries on, like he's on automatic pilot, too numb to feel pain where he's grazed himself.

86 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:46) 86

PATRICK looks ten years younger now his sight has been restored (he's just had one eye done). He's smarter too, now he can see to look after himself better. He's busy writing briskly at his desk when - out of the window - he sees someone walking up the lane. Something about the figure catches his eye and he realises - to his delight and his horror - that it's BRANWELL, much changed. PATRICK heads from his study (we realise how sprightly he is, and that it's only his eyesight that's been stopping him) and through to the kitchen.

PATRICK

Girls!

87 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:47) 87

CHARLOTTE and ANNE (writing or reading) look up when they hear PATRICK's agitated voice.

88 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:47) 88

PATRICK heads through the kitchen, the back kitchen and outside.

89 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:48) 89

EMILY's bothering with the geese when PATRICK emerges from the back kitchen door. She follows him out onto Church Lane, where BRANWELL is just arriving at the gate.

PATRICK

Is that you, boy?

PATRICK can barely believe it: it's so long since he's seen BRANWELL properly, and now to see him like this.

BRANWELL

Oh hello.

Branwell collapses. He just slips to the ground, unconscious, and his face hits the stone floor of the yard.

CHARLOTTE and ANNE emerge from the back kitchen door behind PATRICK. PATRICK and EMILY rush over to BRANWELL. PATRICK turns to CHARLOTTE and ANNE.

PATRICK  
One of you go and fetch Dr.  
Wheelhouse.

ANNE runs off.

EMILY  
Be careful! It's icy. Get some  
proper shoes on! And a shawl.

ANNE dives back inside the house. CHARLOTTE's the one who finds she can't move, can't help, isn't practical, doesn't know what to do in the heat of the moment.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Branwell?

She slaps his face, but he's out for the count. She tries to lift him up, but it's awkward: she's strong, but a limp body's hard work, even an emaciated one. She persists, eventually manages to push her hands under his shoulders and to drag him inside. PATRICK grabs hold of his legs and they manage to lift him inside rather awkwardly between them.

90 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:10) 90

The three women are sitting in the parlour. The door's open, and across the way PATRICK emerges from his study with DR. WHEELHOUSE (27) who murmurs 'You know where I am' as PATRICK lets him out of the front door.

PATRICK comes into the parlour. He sits.

PATRICK  
There is hope. He's home, he's back  
with us. And with nourishment and  
abstinence. And peace and quiet.  
And prayer. We may yet hope for  
better things. His body has  
suffered the ravages of gross  
neglect. And...  
(he hates saying it)  
abuse. Self-inflicted. And yet I  
cannot - in my conscience - do  
other than blame that woman. That  
sinful, hateful woman.  
(this resonates for ANNE;  
she finds it hard to  
listen to)  
Who with her more mature years and  
her social advantages should surely  
have known better responsibility.  
(MORE)



He has come very low, but  
sometimes... sometimes a man has to



Suddenly -

93 INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM/UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT 933  
- (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 23:45)

Emaciated, ill BRANWELL wakes up struggling to breathe. We can hear a voice (EMILY'S) shouting, "Wake up! Wake up!" She's just dragged him out into the corridor from his room and thrown a bucket of water in his face. She's coughing too. There's smoke everywhere. ANNE, CHARLOTTE and PATRICK emerge from their rooms, just realising something terrible is amiss.

You could've been sending for the undertaker this morning, Mr. Brontë, not me. He'll have to stop drinking. He won't want to. His body'll crave it. But it will kill him. If he doesn't. Can he be made to understand that?

EMILY (CONT'D)

(she hesitates, she's self-conscious)

No coward soul is mine.

(so that wasn't too bad.

She risks the next one)

No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere.

(that sounded okay too, and no-one's laughing)

I see Heaven's glories shine

And Faith shines equal arming me from Fear.

ANNE

Talk more slowly.

EMILY tries to take the note, but she still can't help talking a bit too fast at times -

EMILY

Oh God within my breast -

(realising that was fast)

Oh God within my breast

Almighty ever-present Deity

Life . That in me hast rest,

As I Undying Life, have power in

Thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds

That move men's hearts, unutterably

vain,

Worthless as withered weeds

Or idlest froth amid the boundless

main

To waken doubt in one -

(she means ANNE, and she

wants ANNE to realise

that)

To waken doubt in one

Holding so fast by thy infinity,

So surely anchored on

The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love

Thy spirit animates eternal years

Pervades and broods above,

Changes, sustains, dissolves,

creates and rears

Though earth and moon were gone

And suns and universes ceased to be

And Thou wert left alone

Every Existence would exist in thee

There is not room for Death

Nor atom that his might could

render void

(MORE)

Since thou art Being. And Breath.  
And what thou art may never be  
destroyed.

(a pause, then she whispers  
in ANNE'S ear)

There'S nothing to be frightened  
of. Not for someone like you.

ANNE thinks about that. Eventually -

ANNE

I love you.

EMILY

Good. I love you.

She kisses her cheek and gives her a squeeze. They cling onto  
each other.

INT.

SAMUEL HARTLEY  
Fair enough, I'll take it back to  
the sorting office then.

\*

CHARLOTTE sidles out of the room. She's got something resembling a half baked plan. PATRICK - between shutting the front door and going back into his office - doesn't notice CHARLOTTE sidle out of the parlour, and along the corridor and through the kitchen, the back kitchen and outside.

98

EXT. PARSONAGE. DAY 15. CONTINUOUS - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:03)

98

CHARLOTTE intercepts SAMUEL as he's heading along the path alongside the house to the gate.

\*

CHARLOTTE  
Ah!

SAMUEL HARTLEY  
Morning Miss Bront'.

\*

CHARLOTTE  
Did did I hear...? The name...?  
(there's no getting round  
it)  
Currer Bell?

SAMUEL HARTLEY  
Yes!

\*

CHARLOTTE

SAMUEL HARTLEY

Good!

(delves in his bag)

Well that saves me filling in a docket down at tÖsorting office.

CHARLOTTE

IÖm much obliged. So will he be.

SAMUEL HARTLEY

HowÖs your...?

(delicately)

Brother? Is he - ?

CHARLOTTE

Oh heÖs - heÖs -

She nods, shakes her head, twitches a bit, implying that heÖs not great. SAMUEL nods, smiles sadly, sympathetically, and heads off.

SAMUEL HARTLEY

ÔTil tomorra then! Miss Bront'.

CHARLOTTE

Bye. Bye. Bye bye.

CHARLOTTE lets SAMUEL wander off, then looks at the envelope. ItÖs not a package. ItÖs a letter. She canÖt wait, and anyway, sheÖll have as much privacy out here as she has inside. She rips it open. And reads.

99

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 15 - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:16)

99

Later. CHARLOTTEÖs sitting on the sofa. On her own. With the



ANNE  
A letter. From a publisher.

101 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 15. CONTINUOUS - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:17) 101

ANNE comes back in, followed closely by EMILY. They both see how CHARLOTTE's eyes are alive with excitement, but it's difficult to read exactly what that excitement is.

CHARLOTTE  
Thomas Cautley Newby has offered  
[to] -  
(lowers her voice, you  
never know who's lurking  
in the corridor)  
to publish Wuthering Heights and  
Agnes Grey. His terms are steep,  
but he is offering to publish them.  
Which is more than anyone else has  
done, [so] -

ANNE  
What about The Professor?

CHARLOTTE  
No. No, he's not offering to  
publish that. So -

Why? EMILY So - CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
So you need to think about how you  
want to [approach] -

ANNE  
(interrupts)  
No, that's - we should publish them  
all together or not at all. Surely.

ANNE looks to EMILY for support. But EMILY's a step ahead of ANNE, and doesn't agree, but doesn't want to say so in front of CHARLOTTE. Awkward. CHARLOTTE of course picks that up -

CHARLOTTE  
That's...  
(as kindly as she can  
manage)  
sentimental, it's kind, but it's  
nonsense. This is a solid offer -  
as I say, not a generous one, but -  
I'll persevere. In sending out The  
Professor. And with the other one  
I've been writing. In the meantime  
you have a choice to make. Read it.  
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(it's EMILY she offers the letter to, and to ANNE she explains - )

He's asking you to provide an advance of fifty pounds towards the cost of publication.

(EMILY takes it and reads it quickly)

But clearly he believes its viable or he wouldn't make the offer.

EMILY

He's addressed it to Currer Bell.

CHARLOTTE

Yes! That was...

(not amused)

Interesting.

EMILY

You didn't -

CHARLOTTE

Of course I didn't! I had to...

(she can't bring herself to admit to being a liar)

fib.

EMILY

Fifty pounds.

ANNE

Perhaps that's normal. Perhaps whoever undertook to publish it would ask for an advance of that sort. We're a risk. We're unknown. Despite the poems.

EMILY

Because of the poems. Two copies sold.

(EMILY offers the letter to ANNE. She sits down and addresses CHARLOTTE with great sincerity)

You will persist.

CHARLOTTE

Oh yes.

She says it almost lightly, but we sense an inner core of steel behind it.

102 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 15 - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:20) INTO DAY 16 - 102  
(18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:10)

A shot of Haworth nestling the hills from across the valley.  
Time passing.

103 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16 - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:10) 103

There's a man knocking on the front door. This is a BAILIFF.  
He has a HENCHMAN with him that's built like a brick shit  
house. TABBY answers the door.

TABBY  
(she looks them up and  
down, especially the big  
one who's hanging back)  
Yes?

BAILIFF  
I'd like to speak to Mr. Bront'.

TABBY  
The Reverend Bront'?

BAILIFF  
Mr. Patrick Bront'.

TABBY  
What shall I say it's to do with?

BAILIFF  
Is he in?

TABBY  
Who wants to know?

BAILIFF  
I'm a bailiff of the county  
appointed by Mr. Rawson, the  
Magistrate at Halifax. I'm here  
about an unpaid debt. Is Mr. Bront'  
in?

During the above we glimpse -

104 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 104  
DECEMBER 1846, 10:12)

BRANWELL's gripping onto the stair railings struggling to  
hear what's being said below. He looks pale and wasted as  
before, but right now he looks terrified too.

Back at the front door -

105 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:12)

TABBY  
I'll - you'll just have to give me  
a minute.

She pushes the door to, not quite shut, but it's a bit like shutting the door in someone's face. The BAILIFF turns to his colleague and gives him a look: the usual rigmarole they have to go through.

106 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:13)

TABBY knocks on PATRICK'S study door and pushes it open.

TABBY  
There's a man at the door, Mr.  
Brontë. He says he's here about an  
unpaid debt. He says he's been sent  
by a Magistrate at Halifax.

PATRICK'S heart sinks: what fresh hell is this?

107 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING/STAIRS/HALLWAY. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:13) 107

BRANWELL heads down the stairs, anxious not to be seen (despite the impossibility, but what choice has he got?), struggling to pull his boots on. Once again we see the perpetual unco-ordinated wobbliness/inefficiency of the dyed-in-the-wool alcoholic.

Simultaneously PATRICK'S emerging from his study to go and talk to the BAILIFF at the front door. PATRICK doesn't see BRANWELL, but TABBY does.

108 INT. PARSONAGE, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY/KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:14) 108

As he wobbles down the stairs and slips through to the kitchen, he does an absurd/comedy: 'Shhh!' at TABBY. PATRICK pulls the front door open just as BRANWELL'S slipping into the kitchen from the bottom of the stairs (where the BAILIFF would see him).

BRANWELL pushes past EMILY -

BRANWELL  
(a whisper)  
Shift.

EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER

## SECOND HENCHMAN (CONT'D)

Y'don't want me to hurt yer! And  
 you don't want to hurt me, because  
 if you do, the'll be bother.

EMILY's come out of the back kitchen - she shuts the dogs in as they continue to bark - just as BRANWELL lunges at the bloke again. Her natural reserve is challenged when she sees this big bloke laying into her emaciated brother.

112 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:17)

CHARLOTTE and ANNE have appeared behind TABBY (who's behind PATRICK), having heard voices, both mouthing to TABBY 'What's going on?/What's happened?'

## BAILIFF

Your son? Right well where is your son then, Mr. Bront'?

## PATRICK

The thing is, he's ill, he's upstairs, he's in bed, he's been ill for some time, and this is the first thing I've heard about any debts.

## BAILIFF

I'm afraid that doesn't alter the fact of the matter. If this bill remains [unpaid] -

Suddenly they hear voices from the back of the house. The SECOND HENCHMAN calling (as he struggles with BRANWELL):  
 'I'VE GOT HIM MR. RILEY!'

The BAILIFF gives the first HENCHMAN a look, indicating for him to keep an eye on PATRICK, as he heads off to see who his SECOND HENCHMAN has got. Intrigued, PATRICK follows the BAILIFF round the back of the house, and then the first HENCHMAN is obliged to follow PATRICK. CHARLOTTE edges past TABBY to follow the HENCHMAN. TABBY and ANNE follow CHARLOTTE.

113 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS -113 (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:18)

BRANWELL's on the floor, face down, with the SECOND HENCHMAN on top of him, struggling to tie his hands behind his back with a bit of rope.

## BRANWELL

Get off me! Emily! Get him off me!  
 Emily! I can't breathe!

SECOND HENCHMAN  
 Stop wriggling! Stop struggling!  
 You're not going anywhere!

BRANWELL  
 I've done nothing wrong! You've got  
 the wrong man!

SECOND HENCHMAN  
 Well what were you legging it for  
 then? And why did you try and hit  
 me? Y'little twat.

The BAILIFF's arrived.

BAILIFF  
 Are you Patrick Bront'?  
 (BRANWELL doesn't reply)  
 Are you Patrick Branwell Bront'?

BRANWELL's hands are now tied.

SECOND HENCHMAN  
 Up.  
 (he pulls him up,  
 BRANWELL's too weak to  
 resist, but he does his  
 best not to comply)  
 Stand up! Answer the man!

PATRICK appears behind the BAILIFF, and CHARLOTTE, ANNE and  
 TABBY (and first HENCHMAN) behind PATRICK. EMILY (and now  
 MARTHA) look on in horror from the back kitchen door.

BRANWELL  
 (he addresses PATRICK)  
 I don't know who these people are.

PATRICK  
 You owe money. To some publican in  
 Halifax. And if the debt isn't paid  
 they'll take you to the debtors'  
 prison in York.

BRANWELL's shaking; the cold, the shattered nerves, the  
 terror, his brain not working properly, just the urgent need  
 to get out of this mess.

BRANWELL  
 Well better pay up then. Eh?

PATRICK can't believe that BRANWELL just said that, that this  
 is his attitude.

PATRICK  
 Take him.

The women are shocked. BRANWELL's mortified. The SECOND HENCHMAN steers BRANWELL towards the lane.

BRANWELL

No! No! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Help me! Papa! Papa! Charlotte! CHARLOTTE, do something! EMILY! Do something! DO SOMETHING CHARLOTTE!

It's weird that he's appealing to CHARLOTTE, except it goes back to something primal in his brain, it's like calling for his mother, or at least his oldest ally. CHARLOTTE has tears welling up; she hates the tears, but she can do nothing about them.

CHARLOTTE

(she mumbles to PATRICK, and it's against her better instincts, but she really can't stand this)

We have money. We have money! We have money, please stop them.

The BAILIFF has witnessed this. He's used to the pattern these things take, and he lingered anticipating some such development.

BAILIFF

(calling to his colleague)  
Hang on boys!

PATRICK

(he's quiet)  
Bring him back.

BAILIFF

If it's all right with you Reverend, my colleagues'll keep hold of him 'til I've got the remittance.

PATRICK

I shall require a receipt.

BAILIFF

I shall give you one.

PATRICK and the BAILIFF head inside (the front way). CHARLOTTE and ANNE consult one another with a look, but don't quite know what to do. EMILY heads decisively back inside (the back way).

In the street, BRANWELL stands there shivering and shaking and looking wretched, flanked by these two men who are twice his size. EMILY emerges from the back door with a blanket. In defiance of the two men, and saying nothing, she wraps the blanket around BRANWELL (who's still cuffed with rope).



Then she folds her arms (to keep herself warm) and simply stands there with him, intending to remain there for as long as it takes.

114 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 17. DUSK - (7 AUGUST 1847, 21:05) 114

EMILY's sitting on the floor gazing into the fire (maybe she was reading, but her concentration's lapsed). She has one arm around KEEPER. FLOSSIE's here too. ANNE and CHARLOTTE are sitting at the table writing, both hunched over and intense.

It's CHARLOTTE's head we're in. She has a two page letter in front of her from Smith, Elder & Co. She's dated her letter 7th August, 1847.

CHARLOTTE

(vo as she writes)

Gentlemen. I have received your communication of the 5th instant  
(she writes this as inst. )

for which I thank you. Your objection to the want of varied interest in The Professor is, I am aware, not without grounds. I have a second narrative in three volumes  
(she writes this as vols. )

now completed, to which I have endeavoured to impart a more vivid interest than belongs to The Professor. I send you per rail a manuscript

(she writes 'an M.S.')

entitled Jane Eyre, a novel, in three volumes

(she writes 3 vols. )  
by Currer Bell. I find I cannot pre-pay the carriage of the parcel as money for that purpose is not received at the small Station-house where it is left. If, when you acknowledge receipt of the manuscript

(M.S.)

you will have the goodness to mention the amount charged on delivery, I will immediately transmit it in postage stamps. It is better in future to address Mr. Currer Bell - under cover to Miss Bront' - Haworth - Bradford Yorks - as there is a risk of letters otherwise directed, not reaching me at present. To save trouble I enclose an envelope. I am Gentlemen  
Yours respectfully C Bell.





EMILY (CONT'D)

(a stab at dry humour - )

My second thoughts are -  
occasionally - better than my first  
ones. I think you should tell papa  
about Jane Eyre. About how  
successful it's been.

CHARLOTTE's not exactly averse to the idea, but just to be  
sure they're singing from the same hymn sheet -

CHARLOTTE

Why?

EMILY

I think it'd do him good. To know.  
That we now seem to have found a  
means of supporting ourselves.  
Possibly. In the event of...  
whenever something happens to him.

CHARLOTTE

Why Jane Eyre?

EMILY

No, we'll tell him about  
everything, but just... as a way  
in.

CHARLOTTE's quite excited. Thrilled, even. But then she's  
terrified too.

CHARLOTTE

But then... he'll read it.  
(EMILY's like durr... yeah,  
obviously)  
Now?

EMILY nods. Yes. Now. ANNE's as nervous as CHARLOTTE, but  
she's excited too. CHARLOTTE takes her courage in her hands,  
takes the three volumes of Jane Eyre off the shelf, then the  
three volumes of Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, puts the  
latter three on the table (to imply that EMILY and ANNE  
aren't going to be allowed to wriggle out of their half of  
the bargain) and then heads across the hallway. We remain  
with EMILY and ANNE for a moment as we hear -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(oov)  
Papa?

PATRICK

(oov)  
Hello.

CHARLOTTE

(oov)  
Have you got a moment?



been really quite unusually successful. There's a stage play of it in rehearsal as we speak at a theatre in - the Victoria Theatre - in fact. In London. It's been so... erm.

(she's still struggling to believe it herself)

Hugely well received.

PATRICK

So...? You're...? You're...?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. And we've - I've made money. With the prospect of quite a lot more. And if we - I continue to work hard, and produce the kind of writing that people are prepared to pay money for... it it should furnish us with a comfortable existence.

PATRICK smiles. It's perhaps the first time we have seen him smile. He's delighted. Can't quite take it in. Is she winding him up?

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Would you like me to read you some of the reviews?

122

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS - (22 JANUARY 1848, 11.19)

122

EMILY and ANNE are ear-wiggling, then they both try and look dead casual like they were just chilling as PATRICK comes in followed by CHARLOTTE.

PATRICK

Children. Charlotte has written a novel. And it seems to be quite a lot better than I might have expected.

PATRICK

Why have you kept it such a secret?

CHARLOTTE

To protect ourselves. We've been accused of vulgarity and coarseness. I have forfeited the right to be called a member of the fairer sex according to Lady Eastlake -

(she prods one of the reviews)

who speculates that Currer Bell might actually be a woman, I'm complicit in the revolutions throughout Europe.

(PATRICK raises an eyebrow: "How?" CHARLOTTE's memorised it without even trying to -)

We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown authority and violated every code - human and divine - abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written Jane Eyre.

PATRICK

So Jane Eyre. How is it vul[gar] - ?

ANNE

It isn't, papa! People are just squeamish about the truth, about real life. Our work is... clever .  
It's truthful. It's new, it's fresh, it's vivid and subtle and forthright, and -

(...and everything)

But. More importantly. The point is. We didn't want Branwell to know. That's first and foremost why we've kept it a secret. It isn't just that he'd be scathing, we can stand that.

EMILY

It's because it's what he always wanted to do. And now it looks less and less likely that he ever will, it'd be like rubbing salt into a wound.

It's utterly clear to PATRICK that all three of them feel exactly the same.

CHARLOTTE

No-one can ever know who we are.  
We've agreed. We just didn't want  
you to worry that we weren't doing  
anything with ourselves. Because we  
have been. We are.

PATRICK

So...? Who else knows. Besides me?

EMILY

No-one.

CHARLOTTE

I've not even told Ellen.

PATRICK

(at EMILY)  
Tabby?

EMILY

No-one.

CHARLOTTE

The publishers don't even know who  
we are.

ANNE

They think we're three men.

EMILY

We'd like to keep it that way.

ANNE

We just wanted you to know.

PATRICK's moved. He's so proud of them. He puts his hand on  
volume one of Jane Eyre .

PATRICK

Little Helen Burns. That's your  
little sister. Maria.

CHARLOTTE

Maria was our big sister.

PATRICK

Of course she was.

(he has a tear in his eye,  
but he's smiling)

Of course she was. There isn't a  
day that passes when I don't think  
about her. And little Elizabeth.  
And your mother.

(And he's still smiling,  
despite the tears.)

(MORE)



## PATRICK (CONT'D)

He always knew there was something special about these women)

I am...

(pride— a sin, so he hesitates, then whispers)

Very proud of you.

(then he realises...)

I always have been.

And whilst this is touching (hopefully), we should feel like this is the first time he has actually noticed them.

124 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12) 124

Sunday morning. Haworth from across the valley. The church bells are ringing.

124A EXT. CHURCH TOWER. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12) 124A

We see the bells ringing inside the church tower.

125 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12) 125

We creep very slowly up empty Church Lane towards the parsonage.

126 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S BEDROOM. DAY 20. CONTINUOUS - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12) 126

PATRICK'S bedroom is now a bit of a mess. We see a variety of scraps of paper strewn around on the floor, including BRANWELL'S cartoon of himself being challenged by Death to a boxing match.

BRANWELL'S sitting on his chamber pot, composing a letter, which reads:

Sunday

Dear John

I shall feel very much obliged to you if can contrive to get me Five pence worth of Gin in a proper measure.

Should it be speedily got I could perhaps take it from you or Billy at the lane top or what would be quite as well, sent out for, to you.

I anxiously ask the favour because I know the good it will do me.

Punctually at Half-past Nine in the morning you will be paid the 5d out of a shilling given me then. Yours,

P.B.B.

There are a number of crossings out and mistakes, and it's the shaky writing of someone who's struggling with their co-ordination. He folds it up.

127 EXT. CHURCH STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:54) 127

BRANWELL goes and posts the letter (now addressed and sealed) through JOHN'S door, down the lane on the other side. People are going to church. They pay him no attention and he pays them none. He heads off back up the lane to the parsonage and he starts coughing. It becomes bad, so bad he has to stop walking and concentrate on coughing. It gets worse, and when it's over, he has to pause to recover from the spasm and catch his breath before he can carry on up the lane. He really is starting to look like a ghost now. Just as he's nearing the gate, CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE emerge (chatting happily) from the gate, dressed handsomely in their Sunday best, CHARLOTTE and ANNE carrying a hymn book each. They weren't expecting to see BRANWELL, and walk awkwardly straight past him; like everyone else they treat him like a ghost. After all, they only ever get abuse off him these days.

Eventually - without saying anything - EMILY simply breaks away from the other two and goes back and helps him inside. ANNE and CHARLOTTE look back, hesitate, then decide to carry on to church.

128 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 21 - (7 JULY 1848, 10:33) 128

A week later.

EMILY'S kneading bread. TABBY'S about. ANNE comes in, and is keen to avoid TABBY overhearing anything as she murmurs to EMILY -

ANNE  
Have you got a minute?

Something about ANNE'S tone is ominous. EMILY downs tools and follows ANNE through to the parlour...

129 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 21. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1848, 10:34) 129

...where CHARLOTTE'S pacing up and down with a letter in her hand. EMILY shuts the door behind her.

EMILY  
What?

CHARLOTTE  
We're going to have to go to  
London.

EMILY  
Who is?

CHARLOTTE  
We are. All three of us.

EMILY  
When?

CHARLOTTE  
Today.

EMILY  
Why?

CHARLOTTE  
(she hands EMILY the  
letter, it's from Smith,  
Elder & Co, CHARLOTTE's  
publisher)  
Your -  
(she resists an expletive)  
Mr. Newby must've - I don't know -  
sold the first few pages of The  
Tenant of Wildfell Hall to an  
American publisher on the  
understanding that it was written  
by  
(prodding herself in the  
chest)  
Currer Bell .

EMILY absorbs the contents of the letter and looks at ANNE.

EMILY  
Well it's obviously a  
misunders[tanding] -

CHARLOTTE  
Will you...!  
(she's so exasperated)  
Please . See. That this man is a...  
con man! A rogue! How m[any] -  
(interrupts herself)  
how many - mistakes did he print in  
Wuthering Heights? Proofs that he you  
painstakingly corrected and he  
ignored! And now this! My publisher  
is livid -  
(she prods the letter that  
EMILY's holding)  
that I could possibly have sold my  
next novel to another publisher!  
(MORE)

\*



EMILY

Why are you so melodramatic?

ANNE

Emily. I don't want The Tenant of Wildfell Hall promoted and sold on a deceitful claim - misunderstanding - whichever. That it's by anyone other than me.

CHARLOTTE

We have to go to London. Now. Today. And explain to Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith Williams what's happened. It's intolerable. To imagine that they could think that I would be so slippery .

EMILY



132 EXT. CORNHILL, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 11:15) 132

CHARLOTTE and ANNE walk along the bustling street, the noise of the city is huge and vulgar, especially to the sensitive ears of two people who've been awake all night on a rattling train. Divested of their bags, and having managed to spruce themselves up a bit after their long journey, they arrive at Smith, Elder & Co. A book shop. They sort of have to dare each other to go inside. Eventually CHARLOTTE's the one who ventures to try the door handle.

133 INT. SMITH, ELDER & CO. BOOKSHOP, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 11:16) 133

It's a big shop. Obviously not by today's standards. But it's a shop you can browse in. CHARLOTTE and ANNE do their best to appear invisible as they meander towards what looks like a desk where people are served. They're both conscious of appearing shabby. There are a couple of ASSISTANTS at the desk. Some of the latest novels are displayed around the desk. ANNE nudges CHARLOTTE and nods at a display of copies of 'Jane Eyre'. CHARLOTTE's delighted, but daren't show it. We might see her eyes light up. She just stares for a moment. One of the ASSISTANTS nudges his colleague, 'Look at these two bumpkins'. But his colleague KENT is polite -

KENT

Could I help you, ladies?

CHARLOTTE and ANNE are shockingly lacking in confidence in this environment. But CHARLOTTE's the eldest and has to rise to the occasion.

CHARLOTTE

Yes. Yes, I'd - we'd - like to speak to Mr. George Smith. Please.

KENT

Mr. Smith?  
(CHARLOTTE affirms)  
Mr. Smith's very busy.

CHARLOTTE

Yes. But. The thing is. It's important.

KENT

Can I tell him what it's to do with?

CHARLOTTE

Just - just that it's a matter of importance.

KENT takes that in and nods.





KENT

I wouldn't say that exactly sir, they were perfectly polite, and they're asking for no more than a minute of your time. They've travelled for seventeen hours.

GEORGE SMITH tosses a coin in his brain. He heads through to the shop.

135

INT. SMITH, ELDER & CO. BOOKSHOP, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 11:20)

135

CHARLOTTE and ANNE are peering at the other novels on display (or perhaps CHARLOTTE's subtly trying to make Jane Eyre look a bit more obvious to potential buyers) when GEORGE SMITH walks in followed by KENT, who points him towards CHARLOTTE and ANNE. GEORGE SMITH takes in their appearance; to him, they are quaint bumpkins.

GEORGE SMITH

Ladies. How can I help you?

CHARLOTTE speaks discreetly; she'd rather they were in a more private place (although the shop's not exactly heaving with customers).

CHARLOTTE

Am I addressing Mr. George Smith?

GEORGE SMITH

Yes.

CHARLOTTE takes him in, such an elegant man. She glances nervously at the ear-wiggling KENT; she'd like him to leave.

CHARLOTTE

It's a confidential matter.

CHARLOTTE tries to smile, so as not to appear impolite, but whenever she tries to smile she's conscious of her imperfect teeth. GEORGE SMITH - after a moment's hesitation - comes round from behind the counter and joins CHARLOTTE and ANNE in the shop.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We - we're here to address a misunderstanding. Which - once accomplished - will be to everyone's advantage. Yours as much as ours. And so we apologise for what must be an interruption to your morning's work.

(GEORGE SMITH takes that in.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

CHARLOTTE is horrendously nervous, but she's also doing incredibly well)  
Perhaps. If I gave you this. It would clarify who we are.

She offers him a letter. He takes it. It's the one CHARLOTTE received yesterday that upset her so much.

GEORGE SMITH

Currer Bell?

The name Currer Bell thrills him. But he sees no connection between Currer Bell and the bumpkin in front of him.

CHARLOTTE

(conscious of people in the shop)

Shh.

GEORGE SMITH

Where did you get this letter?

CHARLOTTE

In the post. From you. You sent it to me.

(it's the first time she's said it - )

I am...

(again, conscious of people in the shop, not that there are very many)

Currer Bell.

(she points at the letter)

C. Brontë. That's me. And this is Acton. Bell. Author of Agnes Grey, and - the point is - author of The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. Not me. And Ellis couldn't come. Ellis didn't want to come. Ellis is...

(don't go there)

Anyway. The point is. We are three sisters. I have not sold the first few pages of my next novel to an America publisher - as claimed by Mr. Thomas Cautley Newby - that is not my novel, it's -

(nodding ANNE's way)

Acton's. I - Mr. Smith - have nothing, exactly nothing, to do with Mr. Newby. Nor will my sister -

(she points at ANNE, she can't speak for EMILY)

Now she has seen him in his true colours. We are people of integrity. And probity. And that is why. We are here. To set matters straight.

GEORGE SMITH

Sorry, you're - ? You - you're  
Curren Bell?

GEORGE SMITH

You must be exhausted.

CHARLOTTE

Oddly, Mr. Smith, I feel  
extraordinarily awake.

GEORGE SMITH

Where are you staying?

He glances at ANNE, realising he's ignored her.

ANNE

We've booked into the Chapter  
Coffee House. In Paternoster Row.

CHARLOTTE

Our father. Stayed there. Briefly.  
Before he went up to Cambridge. And  
my sister. And I. My other sister,  
Ellis. Did. Once. Before we  
travelled to Brussels.

GEORGE SMITH

You've taken my breath away. Miss  
Bront'. Oh, you have to meet  
people. Do you have any idea how  
many people want to - ? Thackeray!  
Thackeray Thackeray -

(he's more tongue tied than  
them now)

will have to meet you. Today. Now.

(he calls to KENT)

Fetch Smith Williams!

(KENT dives off, GEORGE  
SMITH becomes even more  
flustered with delight -)

You have to meet Smith Williams. He  
he he is such an admirer of your -  
he - your genius - he was the one  
that read [it] - that read The  
Professor - and saw instantly,  
before Jane Eyre - which is  
glorious by the way - he saw - he  
saw. He saw. Miss Bront'. The whole  
of literary London - the whole of  
London! - will fall over itself to  
spend one minute in the company of  
Currer Bell.

If CHARLOTTE didn't totally get it before, she does now. His  
manner is so sincere. He's so shaken by her presence.  
Practised in composure, CHARLOTTE finds herself with slightly  
more presence of mind than him: the thing that's really  
niggling her -

CHARLOTTE

Somebody really needs to do something about this Mr. Newby, Mr. Smith.

GEORGE SMITH

Indeed. Absolutely. It - he - will be dealt with. Please please come through to my office. Ah - ! Smith Williams.

(SMITH WILLIAMS has arrived. A greying, unassuming, smiling, intelligent 50-year-old man)

This. This. Is Currer Bell.

SMITH WILLIAMS takes CHARLOTTE in. He gets it quicker than GEORGE SMITH. He knew. He knew the reality would be so much different than anything any of them could ever imagine. He's delighted. Humbled. Genuinely happy. As we all are in the presence of something we know to be the real deal.

WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS

How perfect. How delightful.

He offers his hand.

CHARLOTTE

And this is Acton. Bell.

WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS shakes hands with ACTON.

ANNE

Ellis Bell couldn't come.

GEORGE SMITH

Do you like opera?

135A EXT. PARSONAGE. NIGHT 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 23:26)

135A

Establishing shot of the parsonage at night.

136 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 23:26)

136

BRANWELL's coughing and coughing and coughing. EMILY heads upstairs with the oil lamp. PATRICK - in night clothes, and looking very tired and elderly and in need of sleep - emerges from his bedroom.

EMILY

I'll see to him, I'll sit with him, you go and sleep in one of their beds.

PATRICK  
 (a mumble)  
 Are you sure?

EMILY affirms. PATRICK heads into CHARLOTTE and ANNE'S bedroom. EMILY heads into her father's room -

137 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 22. CONTINUOUS - (8:137 JULY 1848, 23:27)

BRANWELL has a night candle, but EMILY brings more light into the room with the oil lamp. He continues to retch and splutter. EMILY sits on the bed and rubs his back gently as he heaves, and murmurs "Shhh..."

BRANWELL  
 "I'm going to be sick."

EMILY grabs the chamber pot, just in time -

BRANWELL honks into the chamber pot. There's blood. A lot of it. Like, a pint. EMILY's cheek gets splattered in blood. Patiently, she lets it happen, and she stays there, stoically holding the chamber pot as BRANWELL catches his breath, before heaving into it again. Stoic EMILY just sits there with him like a rock.

138 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 23 - (9 JULY 1848, 06:14) 138

Establishing shot, sunrise over Haworth.

139 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD. DAY 23 - (9 JULY 1848, 10:30) 139

EMILY's in the back yard when CHARLOTTE and ANNE appear at the gate. With their bags. A moment when we wonder how things are going to go between them, just as TABBY comes out to join EMILY.

\*

TABBY  
 "You're back! That was quick. All the way to London."

CHARLOTTE  
 "How were things here?"

TABBY  
 "Oh. Well...  
 (glancing at EMILY)  
 "We've had sad work with Branwell.  
 (ANNE looks at EMILY,  
 worried that she won't be  
 speaking)  
 But other than that!"

CHARLOTTE

Good. Good!

CHARLOTTE heads inside: if EMILY's still being an arse that's her problem. TABBY follows CHARLOTTE inside asking if she can make her some tea. ANNE comes over to EMILY.

ANNE

You're the last person I want to fall out with.

EMILY

(quiet)  
I know.

She means 'Me too'. ANNE sits with EMILY.

ANNE

We only told Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith Williams. Well, and Newby. Later. No-one else. And we made it clear that they hadn't to tell anyone else either. They took us to the Royal Opera House - Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith Williams did - with Mr. Smith's mother and his sisters - and us with nothing to wear but what we'd gone in - and they'd no idea who we were! Heaven alone knows what they must have thought about us.

ANNE smiles. EMILY imagines it.

EMILY

What was Newby like?

ANNE considers her response carefully.

ANNE

Embarrassed. Charlotte was very effective. She was nervous. We both were. But she was very good.

ANNE realises that EMILY looks untypically vulnerable. It's because of what she witnessed during the night when she saw BRANWELL cough up blood. A moment - and we sense she doesn't want to say this but she has to because it's shaken her -

EMILY

(nodding towards the house)  
He's vo -

She can't say it. It terrifies her. The implications.

ANNE

What?

EMILY  
Branwell. He's been vomiting blood.

ANNE stares at EMILY. Of course she understands the morbid implications too.

140

EXT. KEIGHLEY, DEVONSHIRE ARMS. DAY 24 - (28 JULY 1848, 11:06)

140

WIND SCARER CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE waiting as people and luggage spill off the newly arrived high-flier.

ANNE  
There she is! There! Look!

A neat, prim little woman almost the same age as CHARLOTTE (31) steps from a carriage. CHARLOTTE's utter delight spreads across her face, and she goes to greet the neat little woman. ANNE and EMILY are no less pleased to see her.

CHARLOTTE  
Ellen!

CHARLOTTE and ELLEN kiss one another fondly (but without a great demonstration of affection).

~~EMILY~~  
Emily! AnE2b



We barely see him. During the day.  
He just sleeps.

ELLEN

I think more people have crosses to  
bear than we realise. On the  
domestic side. On the quiet.

CHARLOTTE concurs.

CHARLOTTE

The oddest thing. I think I told  
you - the Robinson girls, the  
youngest two, Elizabeth and Mary -  
they started writing to Anne. About  
six months after their father died.  
They're very fond of Anne, more  
than she imagined. Then they wanted  
to visit. Here. So. We let them. I  
thought if they drove a carriage up

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

So much for contrition and guilt  
and madness and clauses in people's  
wills.

ELLEN takes that in and mulls it over. It saddens and angers  
her too.

ELLEN

He's been very sadly used.  
Branwell. You didn't tell him?

CHARLOTTE

What purpose would it serve?  
(none)  
I'm sorry to inflict all this on  
you.

ELLEN

Charlotte. I'm your oldest friend.  
You can tell me anything. You know  
that.

CHARLOTTE would love to tell ELLEN that she's Currer Bell.  
But she can't. They're smiling, looking into one another's  
eyes, when the light changes.

EMILY, ANNE

(calling across to ELLEN  
and CHARLOTTE)

Look!

There's a parhelion - three suns - in the sky.

CHARLOTTE

What is that? That's extraordinary.

ANNE

Three suns!

CHARLOTTE

What is it? It's beautiful.

At length -

ELLEN

It's you three.

She's smiling. CHARLOTTE frowns - happily - like, 'What're  
you talking about?' But ELLEN sees that EMILY's smiling at  
her comment - more happily than we've ever seen EMILY smile  
before, and then she smiles at ANNE and CHARLOTTE, and they  
all look up at the magnificent spectacle in the sky.

142

INT. PALACE. DAY. F/B 1 - (2 AUGUST 1826, 15:25)

142

We're back where we were where we opened in Scene 1: the unexpected, surreal world of the four Genii: three giant



150 INT. BOOK SHOP, HAWORTH. DAY. F/F 1. (28 SEPTEMBER 2016, 11:42) 150

Inside the busy, happy book shop, we glimpse the vast array of Brontë publications and Brontë tourist gifts. Through the back window we see the statue of the three sisters.

151 EXT. ROCHDALE CANAL, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY. F/F 1. (28 SEPTEMBER 2016, 11:42) 151

A badly decayed 15' tall wooden statue labelled 'BRANWELL BRONTË 1817 - 1848' stands at the side of the canal. One of the eyes is hollow, both his hands have rotted away, and down by his crotch the Sowerby Bridge piss-heads have put an empty Budweiser bottle, amongst other modern-day debris around the dank little picnic site.

END